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The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

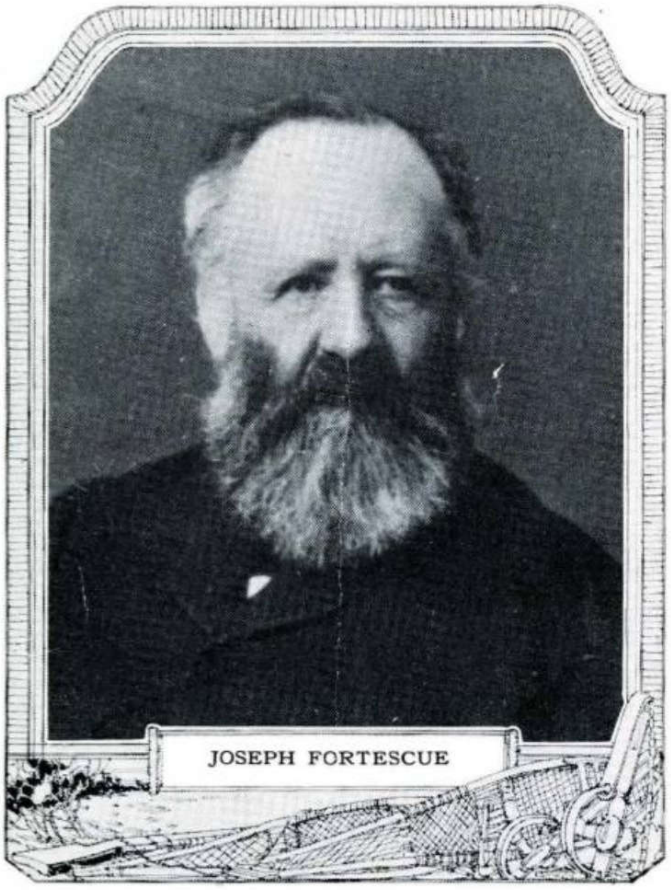
Spearing The Seal

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

III



JOSEPH FORTESCUE

CHIEF FACTOR JOSEPH FORTESCUE, a native of the parish of St. Pancras, London, entered the service April 1st, 1852, as apprentice clerk. After passing through the usual grades of promotion, he reached the rank of factor in 1872. Seven years later, in 1879, he was made chief factor. Mr. Fortescue was on duty at York Factory, Island Lake, Norway House, Red River, Cumberland House, Swan River and English River. He retired on pension in 1892 after forty years' distinguished service with the Company, and died June 15th, 1899.

The Trend of the Times

Various Writings Noted in Looking Over Some Old H.B.C. Journals at Cumberland House—Supplemented by the Modern Version.

By H. M. S. COTTER

Turn again, oh Time, in thy flight—
(and the rest I have forgotten)

DANIEL Williams Harmon, a clerk and later a partner in the North-West company, left Montreal in April, 1800, for the "Indian countries." He travelled in company with three hundred voyageurs in thirty bark canoes, and came west by way of the Ottawa river, Lake Nipissing, through lakes Huron and Superior, on to Rainy lake, Lake-of-the-Woods, and by the Winnipeg river to Lake Winnipeg. After a residence of five years in the Swan river country, he arrived by the Saskatchewan river at Cumberland House on September 5th, 1805.

The following extracts from his journal regarding the locality of Cumberland House and the route he followed to New Caledonia afford some interesting side-lights on the country as it then was. We read:

Thursday, Sept. 5th, 1805. Cumberland House—This fort stands on the north side of a considerable lake called by the natives, who in this vicinity are Muscagoes, Sturgeon lake. The sturgeon are found in considerable plenty in this lake. This post was established thirty-three years since by Mr. Joseph Frobisher. At this place the people who are destined to Fort des Prairies and those who are proceeding to Athabasca, separate. The former go up the Sisiscatchwin river (*note spelling*) and the latter up the English river (*Churchill*). The latter is so-called in honour of Mr. Joseph Frobisher, an Englishman, who was the first trader that ever went into that part of the country. On the 30th ultimo we crossed Lac Bourbon, which is about forty miles long, on which the North-West Company had a fort formerly but abandoned in 1802. There are few mountains or hills to be seen between this place and Lake Winipick. The country has a pretty heavy growth of timber, and the soil is rich. In the lakes and rivers of this region excellent fish are taken, such as sturgeon, whitefish, catfish, pike and pickerel. This country abounds in fowls, amongst which are swans, bustards, geese, and many kinds of ducks. Moose are found in considerable plenty. There are a few black bears, otters, muskrats and martens, and rarely a beaver is found.

South Branch Fort, Saturday, September 21st, 1805—This fort was put up last summer. I am informed buffaloes are in plenty within half a day's march from this. There are four tribes of Indians who come to trade at this establishment. They are the Crees, Assiniboins, Sauteux and Muscagoes.

In coming up this river (*Saskatchewan*), we saw many places where forts have stood, some of which were abandoned thirty years since, and some at a later period. One which was situated about six miles below this was abandoned fifteen years since on account of an attack from the Rapid Indians. The following circumstances in regard to that affair were related to me by Mons. Louis Chattellain, who at that time had charge of the fort. The Hudson Bay Company had a fort in the same neighbourhood, which was first attacked by about 150 Indians on horseback, and the few people who were in it, excepting one man who secreted himself, were killed. After they had taken out of the fort all the property which they could conveniently carry away with them they set fire to the fort and proceeded to the establishment of the North-West Company which was 200 rods distant from that of the Hudson Bay people, with the intention of treating it in a similar manner.

The fort gates had providentially been shut previously to the approach of the Indians. There were in the fort three men and several women and children. The men took their stations in the block houses and bastions and, when the natives had come sufficiently near, fired upon them. The Indians instantly returned the fire, and the contest continued until the night approached. The savage assailants, having had several of their party killed and others severely wounded while the people in the fort had sustained no injury, thought it best to retreat; and after dragging their dead and dying into the river they retired. But Mons. Chattelain did not think it prudent to remain there any longer. Accordingly the day following they embarked all their property on board several canoes and proceeded down the river about 200 miles, where they commenced building another fort. The only object of the Indians attacking these forts was plunder.

Monday, 28th April, 1806—A few days since a small war party of the Rapid Indians came and killed several Assiniboins who were encamped within 15 miles of our fort. They also stabbed and scalped an old woman who, notwithstanding, is still alive and to all appearance likely to recover of her wounds.

Wednesday, September 3, 1806—Two men have arrived from Cumberland House and have brought me letters from Mr. A. N. McLeod which inform me that I am to pass the ensuing winter at Cumberland House, for which place I shall leave this a few days hence.

Thursday, September 11, 1806.—Cumberland House—I arrived here this afternoon and find Messrs. J. Hughes and David Thompson (*the astronomer*), etc., who have just arrived from the New Fort (*Fort William*) and are on their way to Fort des Prairies. The Hudson Bay people have a fort within a hundred rods of ours in the charge of Mr. Peter Fiddler.

Friday, Oct. 3, 1806—Hudson Bay people in three canoes have just arrived from York Factory. They bring late news from England, and inform us that war continues to rage as much as ever on the continent of Europe.

Friday, October 24—I have sent people to the other side of this lake to fish for sturgeon which will weigh from 10 to 100 pounds. They are taken in spread nets, which is the manner in which we generally take all kinds of fish in this country. *Namaccose*, a Hudson Bay Indian, came to our fort today. We hear he is a good hunter. He wore the usual breach-clout and leggings and a mooseskin shirt. His wife, who accompanied him, wore a dress made of the skins of the red deer, trimmed with the fur of the fox and ornamented with hawks' talons, wolverine teeth, eagles' beaks and bear's claws. A comely young woman.

Sixty years after Harmon was in this region we find the following in a journal of the time:

Cumberland House, Saturday, 26th April, 1862.—Snowing and blowing all day from east. No work today; men off hunting. Prayers as usual.

Sunday, 27th—Warm and thawing all the snow that fell yesterday. Wind south. Divine service morning and evening as usual.

Tuesday, 20th May, 1862—Very warm and fine. Men employed about the boats, except Dufrense and Fred, grinding malt. Nets, 201 fish.

Saturday, 24th May—Cloudy, with rain. Boat builders report the third boat in the water and the other three nearly ready for caulking.

Thursday, 29th May—Very warm. Men brought a boat over the portage. Sampson went to Moose lake. Two Indians arrived with a pack of furs. Joe Turner also arrived from Fort a la Corne with a good deal of buffalo pemmican and dried meat.

Tuesday, 3rd June—Weather fine. Men doing very little, all ready for a start, just waiting for the Saskatchewan brigade.

Wednesday, 4th June—Raining most part of day. The Saskatchewan brigade arrived. Nets produced only 1 sturgeon.

Tuesday, 30th June, 1863—We returned this evening with bark and logs. MacKay digging out the drain to put up the pickets; this is about a month he has been on that work and not finished yet, and I dare say he will not be done till next week. Nets produced 13 sturgeon.

Thursday, 2nd July—The fishing is failing fast, only 7 sturgeon from 12 nets.

Wednesday, 8th July—The flour boat arrived from Norway House and went off this evening. Nets 27 sturgeon.

Saturday, 11th July—No sign of the English river brigade yet. Nets produced 36 sturgeon.

Saturday, 18th July—The black birds are playing the mischief destroying the barley; they are seen by clouds about the fort. No other news of importance.

Tuesday, 21st July—Raining and blowing the whole day; fisherman unable to visit nets. The people had nothing to eat, consequently all hands are hungry; necessity compelled me to give them a little pemmican for their supper.

Saturday, 25th July—Blowing a gale from the north. Nets getting very weak; the sturgeon goes through them like nothing. I fear that we will be starving before the boats come up from York as we have no twine to make other nets.

Wednesday, 29th July—Weather much the same. Only two small sturgeon from the nets this morning. I suppose will have to live upon the air soon, as there is nothing else to fill up the mouths of this place.

Thursday, 30th July—The Athabasca brigade arrived this afternoon and camped here.

Monday, 3rd August—The Chief *Namacoose* arrived this afternoon with his furs. A good hunter; he paid his debt. Reports he was unable to kill moose, so he and his family are in rags for want of clothing. He purchased a large quantity of strouds, duffle and swanskin, and three *capotes*. He also took all the cartouche knives on hand. His wife also took a large supply of dress material. It was noticed this woman was wearing a bracelet formed of beaver teeth. The vanity of women! The young women and girls about this country endeavour to dress the same as the only white woman here. The

chief's wife said her daughters must have crinolines next year and wished that I would get them from York Factory. I advised her to make them of willows.

The reference in the foregoing to boats, brigades and pemmican are in connection with the transport system. During this period and later, the country was being supplied from York Factory, and Cumberland House was an important distributing point in the system. Immense quantities of buffalo pemmican and dried meat were brought down the Saskatchewan river and stored here. This was for provisioning the boat crews. As there was little or no flour in the country, those remaining at home or about the posts had to subsist on fish or whatever game could be procured.

Passing over a period of about 120 years since the doughty trader of the North-West Company was at Cumberland House a perusal of the daily journal reveals the following:

14th May, 1921—The rat season closes today. All the hunters are now in.

19th May—The steamer *Nipawin* of the Ross Navigation Company arrived from the Pas with mail and freight. Many prospectors coming in and heading for the mining area. The Ross company with the steamer *Oh Hell* are engaged at the western end of this lake taking out ties for the H.B. railway.

27th June—Fine day. . . . The Venerable Archd. McKay, noted missionary to the Indians, left for The Pas at 5 a.m. today. He had a lad of 14 paddling in the bow of his canoe while he steered. The archdeacon is over eighty years of age but as spry as any young man. He was born at the H.B. post of Misstassiny on Rupert's river.

25th July—Warm day and cloudy and raining in evening. J. J. Barker, district manager, arrived at 6.15 p.m. from Pukatawagan, on his tour of inspection. He travelled the district this summer in an 18-foot freighter with an Evinrude engine, and says it was a great success. A number of the people are engaged in the sturgeon fishery this summer. Fish are being shipped out on ice by the steamer *Arthur J.*

1st August—Very fine day. Great excitement among the natives. A seaplane arrived here, but did not land. It came in sight at 10.30 a.m., circled around the post, and then returned from whence it came, probably The Pas. The people here had never seen one before. (*Note*—It was learned later that the following passengers were on the plane: Sergt. Grennan, R.C.M.P., G. W. Horsey, chief of the reclamation survey at work on the Carrot river triangle, and Professor Wallace, commissioner of Northern Manitoba.)

18th November—Very cold morning after extremely cold night; 20 below, and a gale blowing all night. Mr. Rosser, who is here at present, said at the breakfast table that it was 40 below in his room, and got very little sleep as it was so sultry and tropical. The usual business and office work going on.

1st March, 1922—'Rat season opens today and everyone busy.

13th May—Capt. Ross arrived from The Pas and landed the mail. Many prospectors and prominent mining engineers and others from the east on their way to Elbow lake, the latest gold find in the mining area. Busy with mail, taking in 'rats and closing April accounts. Hit the balance first crack, but F.T.4 out of joint with proof. The enterprising firm of The Ross Navigation Co. are doing a rushing business this season again. They now have radio installed on the *Nipawin* and passengers are entertained with concerts broadcasted from Winnipeg. The Pas Lumber Company's steamer *Alice Mattes* is busy taking in a huge amount of supplies to the Sipanok, where several large camps are to be operated next winter. It is reported the government dredge is returning to finish deepening the channel.

15th May—The rat hunt is now over and all the hunters are back; *Namacoose* was among those who returned. He has done well and is quite pleased with himself. While doing a little trading the following conversation took place in the local vernacular:

Namacoose—Got him any silk shirts?

H.B.C. man—Yes.

CAPTAIN Edmonds, skipper of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer "Baychimo" in Pacific waters.—Photo by C. H. French.

Namacoose—Gimme two, and two pairs Boston garters, blue and grey.

H.B.C. man—Sorry, we have no Boston garters now; but we have Boston baked beans. *Will that do?*

Namacoose—Dat's all right; same t'ing. 16 tins, mister. What's de price of 'gas'?

H.B.C. man—It's going down. The price is $296 a barrel.

Namacoose—Gimme two barls, and four packet Uneeda biscuit.

H.B.C. man—Anything else?

Namacoose—No, not today; bimeby.

H.B.C. man—I see you are getting goods from the Blank Company now.

Namacoose—No, no, dat's not me; dat's my wife (like old Adam). See him short skirt in the Blank Company's catalogue; like him dat kind, my wife. Fine, eh?

H.B.C. man—Yes, that's very interesting.

Namacoose—Blendy money, me. My wife go Prince Albert; get him bobby hair and Marcel wave, and learn him dance shimmy-shake. Fine, eh?

H.B.C. man—Oh, topping! And what are you going to do in Prince Albert?

Namacoose—Me get him new cowboy hat and learn him dance muskrat-trot. Fine, eh?

H.B.C. man—Splendid, you're right up-to-date.

Namacoose—You becha!

And with the changing times the only features that remain the same as in Harmon's day are "reports that war continues to rage as much as ever in Europe" and sturgeon are still in "considerable plenty."

Sea Weed as Food

By C. H. FRENCH

AMONG the natives of the Pacific coast, sea-weed was in earlier times, and is today to a less extent, used as food. It was gathered, dried and pressed into cakes and put away for winter use.

R. H. Hall (ex fur trade commissioner) and I were together at Hazelton. He was district manager at the time. I was schooner captain on my way to fit out a schooner on Babine lake. Mr. Hall inspected Hazelton and, during his examination of outside buildings, discovered a large case of dried sea-weed. He was at once interested. Why was this not sold or used in the mess? It was a delicious article and only had to be tasted to be enjoyed. Instructions were issued that a liberal quantity was to be prepared for dinner.

Dinner time came. The merits of dried sea-weed were eulogized, and Mr. Hall's plate was piled to overflowing. Tripe as chewing gum has nothing on sea-weed, but Mr. Hall munched gaily on. All others declined to be helped to a portion. Dinner finally came to an end, but Mr. Hall's discourse on sea-weed was still going strong, and he instructed that more be served at the next meal.

What happened was that the left-overs were again served and the process repeated until we suddenly learned that Mr. Hall must start for Babine at once.

He was not able to educate the Hazelton employees, and he could not stand the strain longer.

I often wonder if he has ever tried to eat sea-weed since. We are quite willing to admit that it has food value; so has the hide of a twenty-year-old bull.

The Story of Zaa Mo

By CHRIS HARDING

(*York Factory*)

IN the winter of 1896 I was stationed at old Fort Wrigley under C. T. Gaudet, post manager. This post was later moved to its present site and always had the reputation of being a starvation place.

It was a cold winter with light snowfall, and game of all kinds was very scarce. It was the low ebb of the rabbit year. As winter progressed, rumors of starvation among the Indians was everyday talk. Our fishery was a failure that fall and no meat had been brought into the post. We contemplated the future with misgiving, as fish and meat were our staple food. We in those days did not have the good things that we have now. However, we got along fairly well until New Year, when one terribly cold night a band of fifty starving Indians arrived and told us of their plight. The leader, "Old Chief Doctor," came up, and his talk through the interpreter was thus:

TREATY PARTY at Lac Seul post, 1922. Standing (left to right)—Hans Hanson, dominion police; H. A. Woods, H.B.C. assistant district manager; Dr. Ferguson, Kenora; Rev. Sanderson, Lac Seul mission. Seated (left to right)—Capt. Frank Edwards, Indian agent; Chief John Akewanee, Lac Seul.

"My masters, we have just been able to drag ourselves here. Another day or two and we would have been too weak to travel. There are no fish in the lakes, and our young men have seen no signs of moose or caribou. The sickly ones of the party have all died, also our dogs. I know that you have not received a great deal of country provisions this fall, and of course I do not expect that you can help us much. However, I thought it wise to bring my party to the fort, as we cannot be worse off here than staying in the country that we have left. I am not talking with a crooked tongue, as you can see and judge our condition. I have spoken!" Thus abruptly concluded his palaver. He looked dirty, thin and emaciated. We immediately gave him a drink of tea, having no cooked food in the house. We, however, sent him 100 whitefish for supper and breakfast.

After this Mr. Gaudet remarked to me, "This is a pretty state of affairs. We have been stingy enough with our few fish, and now we have these howling savages on our hands. If we do not give them food they will break open the store at night, and if we give them a share of what we have it will be a blue lookout for ourselves; but we will be obliged to give them some."

Next morning the Indians were up to see us *en masse*, and a pretty tough lot they were to behold. They were weak with starvation, and looked wolfish. In order to get them out of the house, which was overcrowded, Mr. Gaudet told them to follow him to the store, and addressed the band in a few words: "Look here, chief, you see that pile of fish? That is all I have got. I will divide it in half, and that is all I can give you. It will last you for a few days and will put some strength into you, when you had better scatter over the country with the hopes of killing moose. But do not return here, as I will then be in the same plight as yourselves."

He gave them some tea, tobacco and ammunition. We now learned that they had abandoned about fifty miles back an old woman by the name of *Zaa Mo*, which means *Mother of Zaa*. The younger women of the band had been helping the old woman along as best they might, and this was delaying the band. *Zaa*, the eldest son of the old woman, interfered and said "better throw my old mother away. She is no good and is only an impediment." The old woman, hearing this from her ungrateful son, collapsed immediately. So they left her in the snow to perish. They however gathered a quantity of wood so that she might keep from freezing.

We at once sent out a sled to bring her in, not forgetting to send some food along, and in due course she arrived at the fort. She was a miserable looking old hag, and a cripple, being clothed in rabbit skins, dirty and ugly as sin. But she was one of God's creatures, and we had to keep her at the post and also to feed her, and she was always very thankful for this favor. I never heard her son reproached for throwing her away.

The year after I left Fort Wrigley measles broke out among the Indians and carried off half the Indians at the post, and it is strange to relate that *Zaa Mo*'s family and relatives (she had many sons, daughters and grandchildren) were all exterminated by this epidemic, she being the only one left to tell the tale. She lived for a good many years afterwards, and found a home with the Roman Catholic mission at Fort Providence.

Usually in life the old are taken, whilst the young remain. Man's life is but three score years and ten, but in this case it looked as though destiny, which plays a part in the lives of each and everyone, took a hand in the game.

The ungrateful sons who abandoned their mother all die before her. The hand of Providence is certainly visible here, and woe unto them who break the fifth commandment.

Legend of Round Stone Lake

By C. H. FRENCH

THERE is a small lake in the interior of British Columbia with a legend attached to it that savors of Jonah and the whale. Nearly every tribe has legends of this character, varied only by environment. The environment in this case is the custom prevalent in older times of heating everything with hot stones.

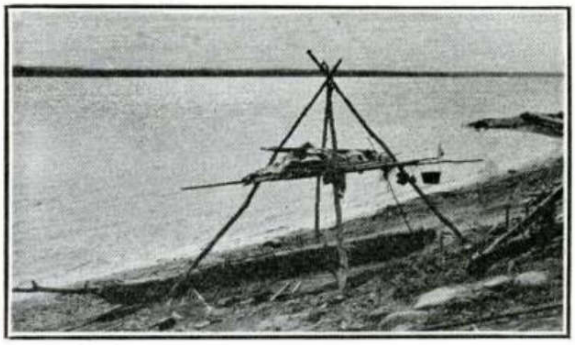
This small lake was full of fine whitefish and trout, but the people could not take them because there was an immense fish that swallowed up all those who attempted to go on the lake. Several fine young men had been lost in this way. Then the head chief's son boasted that he would perform that which all others had failed to do. His father and his people pleaded with him to no purpose. His mind was made up.

A canoe was prepared and the people gathered from far and near to witness the great feat. The start was made. The canoe had gone only a short distance from the shore when up rose this monster fish and swallowed the young man.

Great consternation prevailed, and a council was immediately held, the decision of which was to heat stones and throw them into the lake until it was made to boil and the monster killed.

Great fires were kindled and enormous quantities of round stones were heated and cast into the water. Finally it boiled, and a dark object was seen drifting towards the shore. This proved to be the monster fish. It continued its shoreward course until it grounded on the bottom, when those on shore rushed out and cut it open, revealing the young chief quite unharmed ready to walk ashore.

Today the lake remains as it was after having so many round stones thrown into it. The beach up as far as the timber, and the bottom of the lake itself as far as can be seen with the eye is piled up with round boulders, and of course is positive proof that the story is absolutely true.



INDIAN burial place on the Mackenzie River. Poles support a platform on which the corpse is laid, swathed in caribou skins.

Night at Wild Temagami

By Dr. E. VOORHIS

IN that primeval region, whose rocky heights first arose in molten mass ages before the glacial periods, one seems to be carried back to first beginnings when man was not.

Some there are who fear the darkness and solitude of night in the great northland of Temagami. He who is attracted by the flashing "white ways," the noise and confusion of crowded streets, the ceaseless roar of man's mechanisms, will find small comfort in the eternal solitude, the vast majestic space, the profound silence of the Temagami night. But to him who is akin with nature in all her moods, who understands and enjoys the mysteries of night, Temagami opens her treasures and bestows gifts of unfading memory.

You are encamped on one of the thousand islands of the Lake of Deep Waters. Weird jack-pines extend their fantastic arms above your tent in wildest gesture. The air is scented with the perfume of the delicate twinflowers mingled with the life-giving breath of the pines and the Christmas odor of your balsam bed. Darkness broods over the earth and the wonders of night begin afresh, for every day and every night seem unique and strangely individual.

It may be a wild night of the north. Dark and lowering clouds laden with moisture and driven by a furious wind from Hudson Bay had early closed the day. There is a ceaseless noise of the waves breaking on the rocky shore, and ever and anon you hear the crescendo roar of the gale driving through the

forests of the mainland. It is not a night beloved of the forest dwellers, for one may not hear the stealthy approach of an enemy. All the little folk and big are safely hidden in their nests and burrows until the gale shall have passed. One untamed soul alone there is who braves the wildness of such a night—nay, the very savagery of the wind seems to arouse the uncanny spirit of the loon. No wonder the Indians thought that souls of the unhappy dead dwelt in these strange birds. Listen to their wild, tremulous shrieks as they fly far overhead into the heart of the north, the very spirit of this wild night. Ah! they are the harmony itself of nature—perfect accord.

But as the night passes on and sleep has not come to you for the noise, you have grown increasingly conscious of strange voices without, now in whispers, now in angry lament, now in painful sorrow. They seem to come from above, as though troops of flying witches were hovering over the tent and alighting in the pine branches. It is the weirdest of sounds that you will never hear except in such a place and on such a night. It is the oldest of nature's voices, the wild "song of the ages" in the pines, that relic of the pleistocene times whence it may be the birds first learned the beauty of music. If sleep come to you, these sounds of ancient days will haunt your dreams. You are back in the beginning of things listening to an orchestra of antiquity, ancient before the days of man.

Listen! Did you hear that crashing roar above the wind? One of the monarchs has fallen and in his death has felled many of his smaller neighbours. There he stood on the heights for a century or more towering far above the spruces and the cedars. What countless gales has he braved in all those years, what bitter frosts has he endured? Men have come and gone, the trapper and the voyageur have long marked their course with his friendly aid. Silently he has watched the mighty changes, the passing of the Indian, the coming of the Dominion. His was the life of ages. Descendant of primeval life, before the trees had yet learned to bud in leaf, he seemed to be in little accord with the restless spirit of progress. And now he is gathered to his fathers, himself a memory of the first dawn of life.

The storm of yesterday has passed, and tonight—what a change! Profound silence reigns over nature. The silver moon, as the darkness grew, drifted slowly along the tree-clad heights, trailing a silver sheen upon the quiet water. Now you will see the heavens, myriads and myriads of wonder lights, sparkling stars, and clusters, great constellations. There is blue Vega overhead, whose rays have been travelling many years to reach us. There is Cassiopeia's chair, Ursa Major and his little brother, Orion's gorgeous belt just appearing, little Cephus, Scorpio, the glorious Sagittarius, Aquila, and all the company of travellers in space. Through his smoke-stained atmosphere the city dweller will never see such wonders of the heavens.

And, as you gaze at the majesty above, the shimmering aurora rises on the horizon, for the air is filled with

HAY RIVER post of H.B.C. on Great Slave lake about nine hundred miles north of Edmonton.

mysterious electrons. Faintly, at first of snowy whiteness, soon the sky becomes aflame with orange and green, flashing, quivering tongues of fire leaping to the zenith. Fascinated by this mystery of the northern heavens, wondering what it betokens, you grow conscious of the awful, yet silent, irresistible power of nature. What is man? For countless ages these heavens have looked upon a growing earth until man appeared, a living soul with power to appreciate. How infinitely small and yet how nobly grand of mind! Though his days be briefer than a weaver's shuttle, his thoughts may mount to the infinite eternal.

It is a night of peace profound, the joy of the forest denizens. Tonight you may hear sounds strange to the city dweller as of another world. Ah! there is our old friend rousing the echoes with his hoot! toot-to-toot! and from far away comes the answering call. Now all little folks are deathly silent, hidden in the protecting darkness until the great-eyed one shall have passed to other hunting grounds. He it is who turns night into day and shows no pity for the unwary; and yet we love to hear his familiar cry. A few have heard his love song, so rare, so terrible. Perhaps to him it is sweetest music, but I hope it may not happen to me again to be awakened at dead of night in the solitary northland by such demoniacal, bloodcurdling screams and shrieks, sounds of direst suffering and agony, as once set me atremble in the tent.

When all is still you will hear the loud splash of the beaver's tail sounding his signal of alarm as he dives beneath the protecting water. They have all found you, these inhabitants of the wilds, and, though you may not hear them, they are stealthily coming now by night to learn about this intruder. The inquisitive, cautious beaver discovers that the dreaded man has come. The lazy porcupine will shuffle near your fire, for he has smelt the bacon frying. The gentle deer will spy your tent from the sheltering trees, and the mischievous squirrel is watching for his opportunity. It may be that you will hear the lynx, hated of mankind, calling to his mate in that magnified feline whine.

But, of all sounds, that which at first will startle you most is the weird howling of the wolves. There is nothing like it. It is very sad, very cruel, and often terrifying, a plaintive, long-drawn howl that sounds far in the distance while the cruel ones are on the chase of a deer. That is the sound that impels you to seize your rifle with the instinctive feeling of danger.

There is day and there is night, each perfect in its beauty, and equally fascinating to those who love nature. The test of your love is the degree of calm enjoyment which the wild northland brings you. It is food for man's soul to leave the confines of his city prison and to feel himself for a while free, free as the breath of the times, and alone with his Maker. Then it is that the eternal verities are learned and man may know his true place in the plan of this universe.

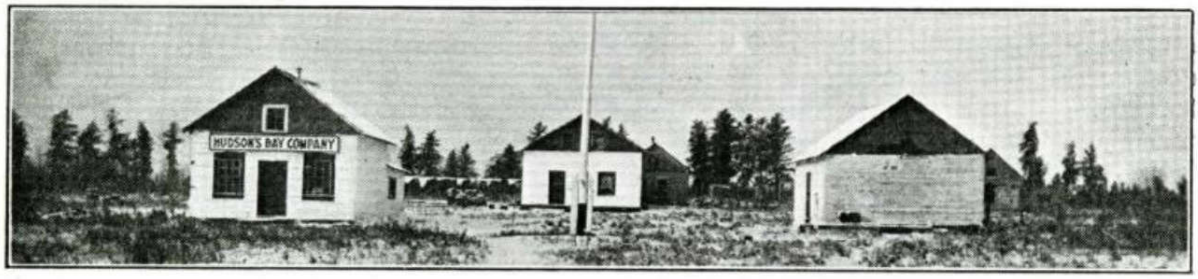
Seaplane Visits Albany Post

By WM. GREGORY

IT was a bright afternoon on Sunday, the first of October, 1922. The Indians at Albany post were sitting outside their wigwams; when, lo and behold, a big bird (a seaplane) descended from the clouds with a noise they couldn't understand. The old people rushed into their tents, but the young ones stood their ground and watched the graceful landing of the plane before the post.

The Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Father Carriere, sent a canoe to bring ashore the crew, which consisted of a photographer, two engineers and the pilot, Mr. Wiltshire. The party had left their base, Remy lake, at ten o'clock in the morning and came a distance of over three hundred miles in four hours. After social amenities, the visitors voiced their desire for food, and Mr. Anderson, Hudson's Bay Company post manager, took them into the house and regaled them with fresh goose, which they appeared to enjoy. During the evening there was an inspection of the seaplane by the curious ones.

Next morning, after breakfast, the airmen filled the tanks with gasoline from a supply stored here and ascended into the clouds bound for English river post.



Berens River post of H.B.C., near the shores of Lake Winnipeg, Keewatin District

Co-Operation (Part I)

By F. G. FRENCH

Eastern Buying Agency

"The voice of Time cries to man 'Advance!' Time is for his advancement and improvement, for his greater worth, for his greater happiness and better life."—DICKENS.

THIS article is written for the purpose of trying to cement the human force of large organizations into a co-operation of harmony and unity, promoting good-fellowship, without which no business of any size can be expected to run smoothly. The greater the co-operation, the greater the success of the business. The comfort and welfare of each unit of an organization should be thoroughly studied, and the slightest detail affecting these units should not be overlooked. Dissatisfaction among members of the staff is almost as injurious as a dissatisfied customer.

One dissatisfied customer may have many friends; these friends hear her or his side of the argument only. Could they hear both sides it might be reasonably supposed that fifty-fifty would be in favor of each side. But, as only one side is heard, it stands to reason the larger percentage would be in favor of the dissatisfied one, and in all probability fifty per cent. may curtail their patronage to some extent. It is, therefore, essential that an endeavor be made to prevent dissatisfaction. Now, apply this to a member of the staff and imagine the result. The inference is that one will make many dissatisfied, as they are only getting the one side of the question.

Small matters of business often are neglected. Probably with a shrug of the shoulders, one will say to oneself, "Oh, that is a small matter anyhow; I will leave that for tomorrow." It should be borne in mind, however, that "small matters need the most attention, as big ones will look after themselves." How often does one hear of big orders going wrong? But take the small ones and you will find, if once neglected in the slightest degree, what a lot of bother you will have to straighten them out. Then one is apt to say, "Oh, bother these small orders!" If they had had the proper attention in every detail in the first instance, this bother would have been avoided. Speaking of detail, this is a word that conveys a lot of meaning. Unfortunately, details are often lacking. It is very easy for one to be thinking of a certain thing and write that thing down on paper, but does one ever consider whether one has put just that necessary detail in it to make it comprehensible to others. Lack of these little details often causes a lot of waste time and money.

Returning to small matters again, it is well to remark the relation of small things to big ones. We will take, for instance, a person going into a store with the idea of purchasing something big, and, in order to get the best attention, will go to a clerk and ask for something in a small way to try the clerk out as it were. If this small article is served in the way it should be, with as much grace and courtesy as a large order, this person will in all probability engage that clerk to show something big.

To emphasize the point we will illustrate it in a simple way. In supposition, a lady walks into a drygoods store with the idea of purchasing an outfit for her daughter who is approaching matrimony. We will suppose she wants to see a whole range of household linen, etc., and, as this is rather an important affair in one's life, and at the same time rather tedious, she naturally wants a pleasant clerk to wait on her. To ensure this, she asks for some cheesecloth or a yard of dish towelling; should she be satisfied with the treatment she

receives from this small order, the big order will naturally follow. The only conclusion one can arrive at from the foregoing illustration is that a small order may be just as important as a large one; therefore, any small orders are just as important as the large orders. For, if a person comes in to-day for a small purchase, who knows when he or she may be wanting that "something big."

This brings to mind the story of an obliging clerk: "A lady walks up to the dress goods counter and asks the clerk to show her some goods. He shows her to a seat and proceeds to do her bidding. After pulling down half the stock from the shelves without her seeing anything of interest, he commenced on the other half, and had got to the last piece on the shelf when the lady arose from her seat and said to the clerk, 'Oh! thank you very much. I am not wanting anything today, but I was just looking for my husband.' Just here most clerks would have fainted, but not this Johnny. He kept a lot of patience up his sleeve and quietly but politely remarked to the lady, 'Oh! if that is the case, I will gladly take this piece down and see if he should happen to be behind it.' "

Being late for business is a very serious affair. This not only leaves less time to do one's own work, but may be seriously handicapping others from getting on with theirs. One of Benjamin Franklin's expressions will not come amiss here: "He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night." Think this out well. Take for instance one in charge of the cash system. An early customer has made a purchase in double quick time in order to catch a train. No change on hand. The customer is kept waiting just long enough to miss the train. Just imagine what the feeling would be against that store. And all for what? One thing occurs to my mind that might cause just such a catastrophe (and it is a regrettable fact too): one will find a great many of the staff on "the morning after the night before" get in the habit of retailing their last evening's experience to ever-ready listeners, not heeding the time and not thinking what harm they are doing. Another regrettable habit which gets one nothing is the watching of the clock for closing time. If members of the staff would be as prompt in getting to their several posts in the morning as they are in leaving them at closing time nothing could be said.

This may open up a bombardment of criticism, but before anyone starts they should consider first of all if any part of this article hits them. If so, that bars them from participating in the debate. If it hits no one, then no one can criticize, and, although it may hurt some with sensitive consciences, after all it is only written with an idea to the betterment of things in general and is not hitting at anyone in particular, and in order to emphasize the arguments related above we will, with all due respect to the slight cast on us, look upon an organization as one gigantic machine and will let it tell its own story.

Co-Operation (Part II)

I am one gigantic machine, and have been asked to tell my own story; so here goes. There is nothing funny about me. Being just a machine I do my work and mind my own business.

I am built of many parts—bolts, nuts, spindles, smooth and cog wheels, bearings, oil cups, connecting rods, controlling levers, etc. My diet is steam and oil (not hot air). My parts are assembled and formed into sections. These sections are then placed on a base and the whole forms me. If each of my parts is made true to a fraction I am a perfect machine; if these parts are not made true I am not a perfect machine and I am going to cause a lot of worry. I do not allow any of my parts to work without the others; they cannot if I would allow it—every bearing and every cog and everything that goes to make up my construction must run smoothly. The smallest thing wrong will cause discord in my family when harmony alone should prevail. One wheel will say to another, "What are you squeaking for?" and the reply is "I want oil." Both these wheels are neglected; for if everything runs smoothly no part of me will murmur in a disgruntled way, and there will only be a pleasing, purring sound, as if I am satisfied with everything. You will understand though, that if the attendant looking after my welfare does not keep on the job I am likely to get rusty and, no matter how much I am coaxed, I won't do a thing.

I must have proper attention all the time, and then I am willing to do whatever is asked of me; not only will I do what you ask, but it will be well done. Should there be a clog in any part of my construction, it must be removed to make room for another part.

The controller must handle me with care, kindness and steadiness. I get cranky sometimes, due to improper treatment. That is not my fault exactly; my bearings are sometimes put to a terrible test when the lever controlling the connecting rods drops a bolt or nut, very often caused by a jerky motion, putting me all out of gear for the moment. But on the whole I am easy to manage. Just a little thought and care will often save a whole lot of trouble to me and my family, and, if I am not running up to standard, find the cause and remedy it at once. You will notice the difference.

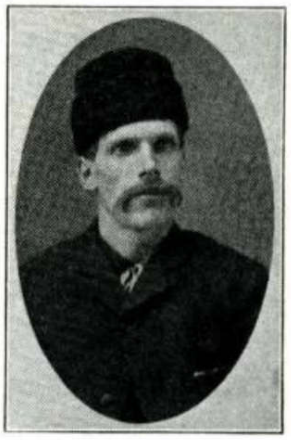
I am set in motion at a given time in the morning to accomplish a certain amount of work in a certain number of hours. If I am late in getting a start I am upset for the whole day. My capacity is so much, and no more. I cannot be driven beyond that capacity. The consequence is that some of the work is neglected (and I resent having the blame put onto me) and that some part of my construction is not doing its share. This is all nonsense, for have I not stated previously that no part of me can work without the other. We have to work in harmony and unison or not at all to accomplish what we set out to do.

Bolts and nuts, although small compared to some parts of my body, are very important factors in my construction, as it is absolutely essential that I should be kept together.

I am not fond of hot air. It is inclined to heat me up to such a degree that I cannot do my work. I can work very well with steam and oil, my ordinary diet. Hot air is dangerous to my system, and sooner or later something is going to suffer.

We will leave it to the reader as to what part of the machine he or she is supposed to represent, but each member of the staff is represented and will fit in somewhere from the top to the bottom.

The Founder of Haileybury, Ont.



Chas. C. Farr

The disastrous fire that wiped out the thriving town of Haileybury, Ontario, last fall recalls the origin of that town.

In 1889 the late Charles Clarence Farr, who for a number of years was in the Company's employ (his last charge being Fort Temiscamingue), retired from the service and settled about fifteen miles above the fort on the Ontario side of Lake Temiscamingue. The locality then was all virgin forest, but a clearing of several acres was made and a log house and outbuildings put up. It was Mr. Farr's intention to follow farming. When the Cobalt mines were discovered, Haileybury grew rapidly and C. C. Farr became wealthy.

The place was named after Haileybury school in Hertford, England, where Mr. Farr was educated.

Incidentally, the original Haileybury college was founded by the great East India Company for its civil service students in 1800.—*H. M. S. Cotter.*

Two $1 Prizes

The following quotation is from a work by Kingsley, and will be found on page 175:

"*First, I learnt that there were certain things in this world that must be done. Next, that there were people in this world, of whom the masters of Eton were a sample, whose orders must be obeyed without question.*"

The Beaver offers two cash prizes of $1 each to the first two readers giving the correct name of the work. All solutions must reach the Puzzle Editor at Winnipeg not later than 15th May, and the result will be published in the June issue.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (William Briggs)

CHAPTER XXIV

"May God Forgive Me!"

FOR a moment Marjorie smiled dazzlingly upon her fellow conspirator; then, as the sound of the aproaching footsteps drew nearer, she suddenly and without the slightest warning, whirled upon him.

"What do you mean by it?" she blazed. "You—you great hulking fellow, standing there. Oh, brave!" pointing at the poor discomfited Wilkins, who was stricken speechless under the storm of her sudden, totally undeserved and utterly incomprehensible reproaches, with a hand that was not quite steady, "frightening me almost out of my wits!"

Just then the door opened. Inspector Blake, Mr. Armstrong and Chief Factor MacDonald entered. Then it closed again. The noise made by the opening and shutting of the door and the men's steps on the uncarpeted floor struck the girl's ear, but she gave no sign of having heard.

"Who set you to spy upon me?" she asked, stamping her foot with apparent rage. "Am I also under suspicion?" Then to the bewildered Wilkins' further bewilderment, her eyes twinkled and a smile played about her lips. It dawned in his brain that she was acting a part, and arresting the smile that was broadening his face he hung his head in confusion. He had resolved to play a part too.

The intruders remained stock still in the background, evidently quite taken aback at the sight of the gentle Marjorie a veritable little fury.

"My dear," broke in Armstrong, coming to the constable's rescue, "here is your father."

Uttering a little, glad cry, the girl swung on her heel to fall into the outstretched arms of her parent, who had come to her side in two strides.

"My dear little girl, it is alright again," he assured her in a shaky voice, his face working with emotion. "I was hasty and in the wrong, and have come to tell you so. You will forgive your poor old father?" Something strangling seemed to grip him by the throat.

"Oh dad! my dear old dad!" cried the girl chokingly, burying her face, radiant with joy and happiness, upon his bosom.

"I'm a cross-grained, pig-headed, old man. Yes, I am. And now pet, you shall keep your secret until doomsday for all of me. Though I can guess it; for I have just heard something."

Plainly the old fellow was delighted and took no pains to conceal it. He chuckled like a schoolboy and, throwing a glance at Blake (who had in the meantime stealthily lifted the lid of the box couch and assured himself that the man he sought was not there) and raising his voice, he went on with tones of satisfaction, "Bob got away from the police very neatly, it seems."

A hot rejoinder trembled upon the inspector's lips. Then he remembered himself, and said to Armstrong in an official voice:

"If you will allow us the use of your kitchen, Mr. Armstrong, we shall be glad to rest there till daylight, when we will commence another search." Then, looking at the chief factor but still addressing the clergyman, he went on stiffly, "Feelings of humanity, if nothing else, force me to make every effort to find the lad."

"I am a loyal subject," returned Armstrong, with a wan smile, "and my house is always at the service of the King's men. And you shall have some breakfast, too, before you start. In fact, I shall go with you, if you will allow me. I could not stay behind."

Meanwhile, Marjorie had been breathing something into her father's ear which caused him to murmur, "Good girl, brave little woman," and to pat her head proudly and to nod approval of her whispered words. A joyful smile spread over her countenance; a frank exhilaration filled him. He took her by the chin and, turning the coquettish face to him, looked into the dancing eyes, with a twinkle in his own.

And when the clergyman had finished speaking, he added, straightening his face and looking at his old friend over the girl's head, "and I will head a search party from the post. We must not allow the poor boy to perish." Then he turned his face away suddenly to hide the twinkle in his eyes and the smile upon his lips.

The girl cautioned him with a look, fearing the downright old fellow might burst out with some raillery or other, and so spoil everything. Secrecy was not one of her father's strong points. Then, a whimsy possessing him, he to her dismay deliberately winked at her, and kept giving grunts of satisfaction. She flashed a look at Blake, her heart beating fast. Apparently her parent's strange excitement had escaped that keen-eyed officer's observation. She shook her head at her father reproachfully, and laid her finger upon her lips, at the same time uttering a little sigh of relief.

"Thank you, my dear friend." It was the clergyman who spoke, ignorant of that dear friend's suppressed amusement. Then, addressing the officer, he added as he walked to the door, "If you will come with me, Inspector Blake, I will show you where you may rest while breakfast is being prepared. Yes, yes, I insist upon it."

"Very good, Mr. Armstrong," said Blake, "if you will have it so. You are very kind." Then, as he marched out, he added, "We will make a fresh start at first break of day."

The reverend gentleman inclined his head gravely and, when the officer and his man had passed through the doorway, he followed, closing the door behind him.

"Now, Marjorie," began MacDonald when they had gone, "why in the name of goodness

didn't you tell me everything, instead of allowing me to carry on worse than a madman?"

"But I dared not, at least not then. You see, Mr. Armstrong was there," she reminded him.

"Yes, yes; I remember you did say something about satisfying me later. I understand now. You knew the conscientious parson would think it his duty to inform the police?"

Marjorie nodded confirmatively.

Just then there was a slight noise. Both glanced at Marjorie's bedroom door, which was slowly opening. In another moment Bob appeared in the doorway. At sight of Mr. MacDonald, he stood still, astonished. The factor beckoned him in, then tip-toed across the room and remained for some moments intently listening at the other door. Apparently satisfied he turned around suddenly.

"Ah!" he ejaculated as the young people drew hastily apart. "Sets the wind in that direction? But I think you had better get out of this mess, young man, before you take other troubles on your shoulders. First, clear up this mystery which has set us all by the ears and wrecked the peace of two households."

Bob shook his head with decision. "Mr. MacDonald," he said, "I can say nothing, prove nothing. I cannot make a clean breast just now. Eventually you will know all and understand."

"Very well," said the old man, "I will press you no further. My ungovernable temper well-nigh lost me my daughter. It shall not get the upper hand of me again."

Suddenly, an inarticulate cry burst from Armstrong, who had entered the room unseen and unobserved. He stood stock still, staring at Bob, his eyes round with astonishment.

"My boy, my boy," he gasped forth. "Thank God! you are safe." Then recollecting himself, he suddenly stopped and stiffened. The look of extreme joy disappeared from his face, his jaw dropped, overwhelmed by the cruelty of fate. Then he rocked to and fro, as one does in an excess of physical agony, making a violent struggle to collect himself.

The other inmates of the apartment stood breathless, wondering apprehensively what his next move would be.

Presently he sighed deeply, brushed his hand dazedly across his eyes, then threw open the door and called:

"Inspector Blake."

With a muttered oath, Mr. MacDonald sprang forward to prevent him, but too late.

A sharp cry escaped Marjorie as she flew to the unfortunate father and dragged him away from the door.

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong," she remonstrated, "what would you do? You would not give Bob up? You shall not give him up."

Her father closed the door, then paced the room, furious but determined to restrain himself. Then, despite Bob's protests, he pushed him back into hiding.

As footsteps approached, Marjorie sprang to the table and snatched up a framed photograph which stood there and held it before the clergyman's eyes, saying, "In the name of her whom you held most dear, I beseech you not to do it."

Armstrong started violently and became greatly agitated. The girl was gazing at the photograph when the inspector opened the door and walked in.

Marjorie threw the distressed father a swift glance and saw that his eyes were fixed upon the picture in hand.

SOURDOUGH BILL, mining prospector, and two baby loons discovered by him in a nest in Northern Manitoba. Photo by Lucas Thompson.

Feigning not to see Blake, MacDonald joined his daughter. "Yes," he commented, as if continuing a conversation, "it is a speaking likeness" (warmly). "One of the best women that ever trod the earth. She idolized Bob. Poor thing, she died young." Mr. Armstrong uttered a groan and put out his hand as if to stop him. Meanwhile the police officer stood gazing from one to the other with a puzzled look.

"Did you call me, Mr. Armstrong?" he asked.

"Hullo!" ejaculated MacDonald, feigning astonishment at sight of him.

The parson started; his lips moved, but there was no sound.

"No," said Mr. MacDonald quickly, fearing what the parson would say. "No, Mr. Inspector; no one called."

"Did you call?" repeated the officer as though he had not heard.

All this time Marjorie was gazing at the photograph. Just then she said, "Yes, Bob is very like her."

The parson winced, then said in answer to Blake, "Er, no," in a barely audible voice.

Still the inspector did not appear satisfied. He flashed a look around the room, then:

"So you did not call me, Mr. Armstrong?" he asked once more.

The parson hesitated; then with sudden resolution, "No, I did not call you, inspector," He spoke slowly, trying to control his voice.

"Then I must apologise for disturbing you," and bowing coldly, Blake withdrew.

When he had gone, Mr. Armstrong tottered heavily forward. "May God forgive me," he groaned, hiding his face in his hands.

CHAPTER XXV

The Factor Learns the Truth

IT is a few hours later, and we are in Mrs MacDonald's kitchen. Once in a while it is ordained by fate that an humble apartment shall become for some person or number of persons, for an hour or a day, the central point of attraction; and the apartment under notice was to fill that role that day. By the threads of their several destinies our characters were drawn to

it as surely as steel is attracted by a powerful magnet.

Mr. MacDonald was in the kitchen searching for something. His eye ran quickly over the walls; then he gave a slight exclamation, as of disappointment. He stood and considered for a few moments, scratched his head as if to spur his memory to an effort—"Where in the world is it?" he seemed to say—walked to the back door, stopped, and at last gave a grunt of satisfaction and, stepping nimbly up a ladder, he disappeared into an upstairs room or loft.

Scarcely had he gone when the kitchen door was opened and in stepped *Little Song*, with Alec following close on her heels. The girl appeared to be greatly agitated and in deep distress. She took off her shawl and hung it on a nail in the wall. Then she busied herself with the fire, mechanically moving the pots about on the stove.

Alec was in a bullying mood and obviously ill at ease; his face was white and haggard, and there were dark circles round his eyes. He threw a swift glance around the room, then, satisfied that no one was within earshot, he came to the girl's side and said roughly, as if continuing a conversation where they had left it:

"I tell you it is out of the question. You know very well my father would not allow it. He'd send you and your parents packing first—banish you to Weenusk, Severn or some other god-forsaken hole."

The girl remained silent. Her fingers clasped and unclasped, the corners of her lips quivered, her eyelids blinked back the tears.

The fellow touched her. Still she did not speak. He watched her furtively, for he did not like this silence.

"Come, don't be silly," he coaxed. "Do as I tell you. Marry *Wastaywin*. He's come in for the purpose."

"How can I? How dare I—now?" was the tearful reply.

"Bah! You've only to keep your mouth shut. Marry *Wastaywin*, and I'll get my father to give him work about the post." The man paused; then added, "I'd see you then as often as I do now."

"No, no," cried the girl, starting back and throwing up her hands in an agony of protest. A shiver passed through her. She hid her face in her hands.

The young man regarded her for some moments in silence; then he said:

"Anyway, you've only got yourself to blame; you put yourself in my way on purpose."

"That's not true," she denied fiercely, dropping her hands from her face. Her eyes were flashing now.

"Oh, yes it is. And if you get talking I'll deny everything."

For an instant the poor girl stood wringing her hands, looking at him with wide, unbelieving eyes. "You daren't," she cried, with a catch in her throat.

The wretch gave a brutal laugh. "I daren't, eh?" he jeered. "Well, try me. But come," his voice was coaxing once more, "be a sensible girl; marry young *Wastaywin*."

She looked at him with breathless fear. There was deep in her the habit of obedience to this man. Presently she shook her head.

"Well, alright then, don't. But I tell you plump I can't marry you; so what are you going to do? If you get talking *Wastaywin* won't have you. You'll get left all round."

Once or twice the poor girl made as if she would interrupt him, and when he had done her reply came fierce and vehement.

"You're a bad, wicked man," she flashed out.

"Sure thing," mocked the man. "But I'm no fool. You don't catch me that easy. You told your father and the minister yourself that it was Miner you were meeting."

The girl started violently and stared at him with a look of bitter scorn. "So," she hissed, "*that* was your plan?"

The man laughed harshly. "Oh, you fixed yourself nicely," he told her brutally, "telling those lies—" He broke off suddenly, turned nervously round at a sound behind him and, to his evident astonishment, saw Miner standing there. At sight of *Little Song* the intruder seemed about to withdraw; but Alec made a swift motion with his hand at once warning him to stay and be silent.

Then he turned to the girl. "So, you see, you're in a fix. Don't be a little idiot," he coaxed and tried to take her hands. But she gazed at him with a look of disgust upon her face and put them quickly behind her.

At this a flush came upon Alec's white, haggard face and an angry light leaped into his eyes. He made a savage gesture of annoyance. "What's got into you?"

All at once, with a wild gesture of misery and despair, the poor girl burst into a passionate outburst of weeping; violent sobs shook her from head to foot.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, quit that," commanded the heartless wretch, seriously alarmed. He caught her hands and forcibly tore them from her face. Then drawing her close to him, "You will marry him, eh?"

While saying this, his lips approached hers. *Little Song* looked at him a moment with indignant eyes; then, tearing herself free, hastened to the door leading into the interior of the house, where she turned and gave Miner a malicious look, appeared about to address him but thought better of it and disappeared.

"Curse you!" cried Alec, shaking his fist after her and gnashing his teeth.

Then he turned to Miner, who came forward. He was in a strange, nervous state.

"What are you doing *here?* What's up?" Alec enquired hoarsely, with a savage clutch at his friend's arm. "Something must have happened to bring you here."

"I saw you come in and followed. Where is your father?" Miner asked with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Can't say. I have reasons for keeping out of his way. He caught me sneaking into the house last night. What do you want?"

"Ammunition. At once. I am getting out of here."

"Going away!" exclaimed Alec, aghast.

Miner nodded. "Yes, and you've got to find me a thousand cartridges, twelve gauge. Hurry up!"

"I'll be damned if I do," Alec told him. Then, clutching Miner's shoulder, he went on almost whiningly, "You're not going away and leave me to face the music alone."

With a blasphemous oath the man threw Alec off. "I'm going, I tell you; I'm forced to go," he said fiercely. "Now, get those cartridges, damn quick! I'm in a hell of a hurry."

"I won't do it!" cried Alec in a panic. "I'm not going to help you get away and leave me to face everything alone. It was you who got me to ask Bob to bring that case of liquor—"

"Shut up! Don't talk so loud! You'll bring someone in here. Just get me those cartridges, like a good fellow. I've no time to lose. I—" He started as if stung by a snake, and he certainly had cause to be frightened, for standing on the ladder, listening to their conversation, was Alec's father. For a moment Bill Miner stood staring open-mouthed; then he rushed outside, slamming the door behind him.

"Stop!" yelled the factor, jumping down the ladder at the risk of his neck and running to the door, which he threw wide open. But Miner had been too quick for him. He was nowhere to be seen.

Slamming the door shut with a force that caused the kitchen utensils on the walls and shelves to dance and clatter, MacDonald came back to his son, who stood with a deadly pale face, awaiting the outcome.

"Villain! Villain! You young villain!" he shouted, shaking his fist furiously in the air.

It is said that both cowardice and despair have their courage; and it would appear from the manner and actions of this young man that he now felt actuated by some vague feeling resembling that which I have described.

"So, you've been listening, father," he found voice to reply. "Well, what have you heard?"

The father's face darkened and hardened. "Everything, you young scoundrel," was the answer. "Not only your conversation with that jail-bird Miner, but also the way you tried to bully that poor girl."

Alec bit his blanched lips.

"Bully her into marrying an innocent fellow in order to shield yourself. Oh, you are a son to be proud of! *You*, a false lover, a treacherous friend! My God!" he added, his voice suddenly softening with grieved gentleness, "would you had died as a child than to come to this." Then, after a moment's pause, he broke out afresh. "By heavens, I am tempted to thrash you within an inch of your life."

(To be continued)

If you can do anything better today than it was done yesterday, do it, regardless of what your father or grandfather did.

There are three things necessary to success; first, backbone; second, backbone; third, backbone.

In Praise of the Wilderness

By G. R. RAY

Come, let us steal away from the world's noise and bustle,
From the hustle and jostle and turmoil incessant;
From directions which lead us in haste to destruction;
From temptations insidious, vicious, persistent.

Steal away from the toil and the grind of existence,
From our struggles pathetic, and numberless errors;
From our worries, our sorrows, our great indiscretions.
Come, let us steal away from the world's tribulations.

Steal away to the land of phenomenal silence,
To the big open spaces, magnificent, boundless,
Where the wonders of nature are anthems eternal
To the source everlasting of Goodness and Beauty.

Steal away to the rivers, the plains and the forests;
Works amazing, astounding, profound, beatific;
The indubious evidence, visible, active,
Of the Diety—God, the Omnipotent, All-wise.

THE PLAINS INDIANS

(Continued from January issue)

By REV. J. HINES

III. *Language and Customs*

THE Cree language is very expressive, though there are certain words in English for which there is no equivalent in the Cree tongue. The words "thank you" is one such phrase; but it must not be taken as indicative of their ingratitude.

The way they have of expressing their thanks is by saying "*Tap-wa Kit-ut-tume-hin* (truly you have pleased me). But to the English mind this does not convey the idea of returning thanks; they simply state that they are pleased with what you have done for them. The expression is altogether too passive to be appreciated by one who does not understand the mind of the Indian. After they have learned English they become very profuse with their *tanke, tanke,* "th" being a sound not in the plains Cree the Indians find it difficult to acquire.

The reason the Indians have no expression equivalent to "thank you" in English is because they do not expect to be thanked for anything they do spontaneously for another. For instance, when an Indian returns home from a successful hunt, he at once begins to think of the poor around him, and he instructs his wife to cut off certain pieces of the meat he has brought home, and then either he or she will distribute them among those for whom they are intended and, on entering a house, will say, "*How! oma-Ke-pa-me-ye-ten*" (see I have brought you this), and the recipient will reply,"*Tap-wa-Kit-ut-tume-hin*" (truly you have pleased me).

The feeling among them is this: When a person does anything for another without having been importuned by the one for whom the act is performed, the doer or giver, as the case may be, having acted on his own initiative, he did according to his own pleasure, and, having done it to please himself, he has received his reward. They appear therefore to be actuated by the principle that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." This is a lesson many a professing Christian has never learned, though it is a principle taught by Christ and inculcated by St. Paul. When, however, a person supplicates another and receives what he asks for, then the supplicant feels under an obligation to express his pleasure in a more profuse way, because, in this instance, the giver did not act on his own initiative and therefore was deprived of the pleasure of so doing. Still, as I have said, they have no single word in their language equivalent to thanks. Of course the way is open for them to show their appreciation of a favor by returning one, which in some cases is done, but when they carry out the Saviour's injunction in Luke xiv, 13-14, it is not.

I have heard people say how dreadfully long the words are in the Cree language. The reason for this is that the Indians are adepts at compounding words, and some of these long strings of syllables stand for a whole sentence in English, expressing not only the name of the thing, but at the same time telling its use and the kind of material of which it is made. Take this as an example, *Too-too-sah-poi-oo-pi-me-oo-se-che-kun-a-tik,* which in English is expressed by the short word churn. But churn is rather indefinite, as the word churn, standing alone, may be either a noun or a verb, and if meant as a noun may be used for a variety of purposes and may be made of iron, wood or earthenware; but there is no room left for doubt as to what is meant in the Cree word as written above. Now I will write the words separately that are used in compounding this one long word: *Too-too-sah-poi* (milk) *-oo* (his) *pi-me* (grease) *oo't* (his) *ah-pu-che-che-Kun* (instrument) *mis-tik* (wood). The *t* is added for the sake of euphony when followed by a vowel. The first four words you will notice are unchanged except for the *t*, but the last two are slightly changed; for, instead of *ah-pu-che-che-Kun, oot* is followed by *se-che-Kun,* and this is followed by *ah-tik* instead of *mis-tik*. These changes make the compound word sound more euphonious and easily pronounced. The reader will have noticed that the words in the sentence are just the opposite to the way we should put them in English. The Indian says "milk his grease, his instrument wood," which really means a wooden instrument for extracting butter from milk.

Mut-choos-ta-wa-pin-num-mook, imperative, expresses the phrase Cast them into the fire; *Ka-oo-Kis-Kun-no-hum-mo-wa-kun-im-im-mit-uk-ook,* Ye shall be my disciples.

In giving names to places their method of compounding words is greatly in evidence. Take for instance, Saskatchewan. This is an Indian word slightly corrupted. The proper way of writing the word in Cree is *Kis-sas-Kat-che-wan,* which means rapid flowing stream. *Wu-pas-Kwa-yak* is another instance. This is the Indian name given to a place in the lower reaches of the Saskatchewan, and it means a strait or narrows passing between two points of land covered with wood. Here, for once at least, the Indian scores one against us for brevity of expression.

The Indians had no written language till the advent of missionaries among them. They however sometimes drew a rude picture of an animal with a piece of charcoal on a piece of birch bark. This they would tie to a stake on the banks of a river near the water's edge to notify any of their friends who might by chance pass that way that the animal they had drawn had been killed by them and that the meat was still lying in the bush, and passers-by would understand from this that if they were in need of food they could help themselves.

In spite of these unwieldy words which we have just been considering, it will be a surprise to many to hear that the Indian language possesses an unwritten grammar with declensions and conjugations as perfect as any of the civilized languages of the present day; and if anyone would like to see the flexibility and scope of the Cree verb I recommend for their perusal Archdeacon Hunter's book on the Cree verb (S.P.C.K.). The adjectives agree with their nouns in number, case and gender —in fact, the whole language is so constructed that each part of a sentence dovetails into the other, and a native cannot use his own tongue ungrammatically without noticing the mistake. Hence it is that the Indian children, as their vocabulary becomes enlarged, speak freely without making grammatical blunders. The Indian language, however, can only boast of two genders, masculine and neuter, or rather animate and inanimate, the feminine being referred to as "he." This is very noticeable among the illiterate half-breeds and Indians who have learned to speak English imperfectly. David, my faithful old friend and co-worker, whose English was very imperfect, used frequently to make this mistake. He knew there was a distinction, but was not sure how it came in; and often, when speaking to my wife about me, he used to refer to me as "she," and when speaking to me about my wife he referred to her as "he," and until one had become familiar with his mistakes it was often difficult to follow him in his discourse.

The Indians' method of expressing preference is very similar to that of the ancients, *e.g.,* "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." This seems to contradict the character of God as revealed in the New Testament, for there

Uses of the first rolling pins imported by H.B.C. to the Indian countries

we are told God hateth no man. But the phrase is one of preference only. God preferred Jacob to Esau. Now, if you were speaking to an Indian who had two children and you asked him which he liked the better, if he had a preference, he would say, pointing to one, *Owa-ne-sa-Ke-how* (this one I love), then, pointing to the other, he would say *Owa-ne-puk-wa-tow* (this one I hate); not that the parent really hated the latter as we understand the meaning of the word hate, but that he preferred one before the other.

Again, their method of reckoning time is very similar to that we find in the New Testament. Take for instance the time our Saviour was in the grave. It is spoken of as three days. In reality it is not more than two nights and one day; but the length of time during which He was buried linked the first and third days together. Just so do the Indians measure time. In speaking of an event that is past they include the day when the event took place and the day when they were speaking about it.

Readers will associate this account of the Indian mode of expressing preference and calculating time with what I have said about the home of their ancestors and form their own conclusions as to whether or no the Indians of Northwestern Canada had any connection with the people of the east.

The Indians name their children not necessarily after themselves, but more frequently from some personal mark on their features, or some other characteristic, or perhaps from some event, celestial or terrestrial, that happened about the time of their birth. I knew several who were named after the particular shape of their noses; such as, Broken nose, Crooked nose, Goose nose, and Bay nose. We should regard them as offensive nicknames, but not so the Indians; for they are a matter-of-fact people and see no reason for taking umbrage at the truth. Very often the name of the child would be changed as it grew up, especially if it developed some characteristic, be it good or bad, cleverness or stupidity. One child as he grew up developed very plain features, even for an Indian, and he received the name *Ma-ya-tis* (Ugly); and he is known by that name at the present time, and is more proud of it than otherwise. The first man I baptised had his name given to him when a child. His dear old mother told me that when he was a little boy he was very fond of playing hide and seek with her, concealing himself in all sorts of places in the tent and then suddenly reappearing; so she called him *Ka-Kasoo* (the hider) and, as this name was not in any way offensive, he retained it for his surname when he was baptised. One man, owing to his great appetite acquired the name of *A-ya-mus-kin* (glutton), which among ourselves would be considered offensive. The chief *Mis-to-wa-sis* (big child)—but why so called I do not know, for he was a very little man and, if big for his age when young, he must have stopped growing when quite a youth—had another name among the Indians of the prairie. With them he was known as *Pe-wa-pisk-Moos-toos* (the iron buffalo) from the fact that, when following hard after a band of buffalo, his horse stumbled and threw him onto the horns of a buffalo bull which proceeded to throw him up into the air, but he eventually escaped without having sustained any great injury, and when his friends discovered that he was alive and unhurt they gave him the name of "Iron buffalo."

(*To be continued*)

Insignia Competition

THE semi-annual competition for *Beaver* buttons will be in progress from April 1st to 12th. All *Beaver* material submitted to associate editors between these dates will be judged on its merits and a handsome bronze *Beaver* button or pin—marked "Chief" or "Correspondent" or "Reporter"—will be awarded to each contributor whose articles or items are considered worthy of publication.

The insignia of "Chief" goes to contributors submitting a *series* of articles; "Correspondent" to those sending in acceptable articles of from one column to one page in length; and "Reporter" to those contributing twelve or more short items of news, paragraphs of general matter, etc., that are good enough for publication.

It is important that all material submitted under this competition be so marked or designated by the writer on the manuscript itself.

The Ideal Post Manager

This contribution by WEYMONTACHINGUE will no doubt be appreciated by our inland staff

AFTER more than ten years' experience in fur trading posts, I have yet to meet the ideal post manager.

Now I don't want the people in the sales shops to think that these post managers are incompetent. Just consider what is required of the ideal post manager, and then see if some allowance should not be made if some of us fall short.

The post manager is a merchant. A Hudson's Bay Company post is a general store under the care of the manager. He must keep his eye on all lines—hardware, groceries and dry-goods—and see that his stock does not run too low. He has to stock many articles that are not called for in ordinary outside trade, apart from the general lines. If supplies run low it may take several months to replace his stock, during which time he will steadily lose trade to the opposition, if they are well supplied. He must be a good buyer and merchandiser, showing the articles which will be acceptable to his trade, for Indans are as particular about having just the popular shades and patterns in goods as are town customers. He must see that he orders plenty of goods for his trade; yet, as bargain sales would not attract his customers, he has no means of disposing of a surplus or of unsatisfactory goods.

The good post manager has a fair knowledge of accounting. There are books to be kept and difficult accounting forms to be filled out in accordance with the Company's exact and careful system. A glance at the form F.T. 4 would cause shivers to run up the back of many a city bookkeeper.

The ideal post manager, of course, knows much about furs and their grading. He keeps himself informed on the supply and values of all skins. He is adept at buying furs—a careful trader.

Again, the post manager is something of a surveyor, contractor and valuer. He draws plans of his buildings, estimates their value and what they would cost to replace.

Nearly every successful post manager is a bit of a linguist. He probably speaks three languages — English, French and some Indian tongue. Interpreters may be engaged in some places, but the man who relies upon interpreters will lose much valuable information, as more often than not interpreters speak rather what they wish to say than what they are told.

Moreover, the ideal post manager is something of a diplomat. Indians are far more difficult to deal with, more easily offended, and their trade far more easily lost than the trade with white people.

A manager who can paddle a canoe and who knows what distance should be covered in a day is of more value than he who has to rely upon what he is told. Also, in these days he should know, if he would be perfect, how to run a gasoline engine, how to repair it, and how to nurse it when it is fickle, as usually he is situated in a place where he must do his own repairs or abandon his engine when it bucks.

If the "factor" of today is also a good dog-driver, travels well on snowshoes, can cut wood, do a little paperhanging, plumbing, carpenter work, painting, doctoring, and can pull teeth, these things will help him toward perfection. Great inconvenience is sometimes caused because the post manager is not a barber, and some weird styles in hairdressing among the staff result.

If the post manager is also able when necessary to cook, to butcher, to do a little gardening, and to milk, then he will have every chance of success at most of the posts to which he may be sent. Should he also be of a literary turn and able to contribute items of interest to the *Beaver*, this would not be any disadvantage.

A man equipped with such knowledge and skill, provided he keeps up to date and devotes his time and energy to the service of the Company, will be valuable indeed, and such a man most district managers would willingly engage.

Most of us are trying to do our best with the few talents we possess.

David Armit Dies

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. David Armit, which took place at Elphinstone, Man., on Feb. 7th.

The body was conveyed to Winnipeg for interment in St. John's cemetery. Funeral arrangements were in the hands of masonic brethren. The Company was represented by Messrs. Angus Brabant, fur trade commissioner; John Calder, chief accountant; Joseph Lyon, manager wholesale hardware; W. J. McLean, W. C. King, and J. A. McDonald (a son of "Archie" McDonald, under whom Mr. Armit served).

Speaking of his own service under Mr. Armit, Mr. John Calder says: "Mr. David Armit was accountant for the district, and under his careful, considerate and painstaking tutelage I obtained a real grasp of the accounts."

No greater tribute could have been paid to the teacher than the fact that his pupil was appointed to succeed him as district accountant while still an apprentice clerk, on Mr. Armit vacating that appointment to accept promotion.

Mr. Armit was placed on pension 1st September, 1904. An account of his life has already appeared in *The Beaver*, issue of December, 1921, page 6.—*John McMurray*.

WINNIPEG

H.B.C. Curlers vs. *Robinson's*

CURLERS from Robinson & Company met H.B.C. retail at the Heather rink on March 14th.

Four of the five H.B.C. rinks chalked up a victory, the other rink going under to the famed Sparling rink of Robinson's. The final score was countless. One H.B.C. team, under the direction of Chas. Healy, had not enough balls on the wire to record their score.

The cup which is up for annual competition between these two good mercantile friends remains at its post in the wilds of suburban Winnipeg for another year at least.

Skips for H.B.C. were Messrs. *Parker, Healy, Bowdler, Mills and Lee.*

Final Frolic Best of All

Supper Dance-Cabaret at Roseland Gardens is Unusual Success

By E. PAUL

THE wind-up of the series of H.B.C. winter season frolics assumed the form of a supper dance-cabaret and whist drive at the Roseland dance gardens March 7th.

Three hundred and thirty-five were in attendance to enjoy the dancing, cards and entertainment. Many pronounced the occasion the most successful of the season; quite a number of friends of the staff and others not employed by the Company were favorably impressed by this fine example of recent H.B.C. social functions.

The event was carefully planned by a committee representing every department of the Company at Winnipeg, and the affair was run off in typical cabaret style. The elaborate programme of entertainment features, which were interspersed between dancing, dining and cards, included professional vaudeville talent from the Pantages theatre, Slim Greene, noted Winnipeg comedian, Mlle. Rosini, cabaret singer, and Madame Berthe Breitner, lyric soprano, as well as Misses L. Ferguson and Edith Saunders, graceful folk dancers of the H.B.C. staff.

Mrs. James S. Braidwood presented the whist prizes, which were won by *Mrs. W. Weeden, Mrs. H. A. Smith, Mrs. R. Cuthbert, G. Pilgrim and W. H. Weeden.*

Among the H.B.C. officials and managers noted at the dance were: *Mr. and Mrs. Edward FitzGerald, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Braidwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hollier, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dodman, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foley; Mrs. M. Anderson, Messrs. W. S. Lecky, C. W. Veysey, H. R. Charlewood, W. R. Ogston, A. P. Evans, A. Brock, Jack White, S. M. Jenner.*

Attractive Spring Opening Window Displays Prepared by Walter Davison and Staff

Recuperated

We are pleased to see once more in their accustomed places many who have been absent through sickness. Among these are Miss McSherry, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Hall, Mr. Jones and others. Miss Wardman and Mr. Beggs are now on the way to recovery. Many are taking advantage of the presence of the nurse in the store each Wednesday morning by consulting her with a view to keeping in good health.

Miss Mills, we are sorry to report, is again under medical care. She is now confined to Elmwood sanatorium. We hope her stay will be short and that she will be restored to us in the full enjoyment of health and strength.

SUGAR AND CREAM

If Sugar and Cream can give you a scream, how about helping them now and again?

Mr. Dodman's unfortunate accident caused much merriment in the department. However, our tailor came to the rescue and Frank is set up again.

Have you heard about our musicians? It takes a blonde to play the sax.

Miss Violet Parker keeps up the store's reputation with her extensive snowshoeing.

To Mrs. Ferguson we hand the laurels. Her patience with the Blue Bang Monday, March 19th, was envied by many of the girls in the lunch room.

We welcome Miss Berickson to the store and hope she will succeed in her position as our new elevator operator.

Aims in Life

By WALTER DAVISON

WHO slaves today, if not with both eyes on some future hope? A cottage in St. James or Kildonan, a mansion on the Crescent or Point Douglas, a brood of Rhode Island reds, a flock of healthy youngsters, a kennel of prize collies, a little runabout or a big touring car. Those are the spurs that drive our fellow men and women to arise every morning and dash for the "hated grindstone."

But why call it hated?

If one has an intelligent interest in one's daily work, no matter how uninspiring it may be, one can, by striving to do it as well as possible—just a little better than it has ever been performed before—derive a very real pleasure from any task. And remember, work constantly well done will prove to your superiors that you are fitted for better and more important work. So will your aims and ambitions in life come nearer fulfillment.

The grocery salesmanship class held an interesting meeting Wednesday evening, March 14th. T. F. Reith, advertising manager, gave a half-hour talk on advertising.

At the managers' meeting March 7th, preparations for the forthcoming anniversary sale were started. Committees on merchandising, advertising, competitions and service were formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Coulter, Mr. Reith, Mr. Whalley and A. Robinson respectively. Meetings were at once begun, and good progress is reported by each committee. The store has an immense task on hand to beat last

year's great record, but splendid optimism prevails throughout the entire staff. It is confidently predicted that 1923 will see a further success scored.

Overheard while the boys were preparing for the millinery spring opening—

Display manager—Now then, gang, get a move on; you aren't attending a funeral.

One of the gang—That's all right; Rome wasn't built in a day.

Display manager—That's quite probable; but then I wasn't boss of that job.

Mr. Ogston, general manager, left for Toronto, Montreal, New York and eastern points Saturday, March 10th.

We are glad to see Miss Aline Hunter back again after being absent over a week nursing her mother, who has been ill with the flu.

Wholesale Lifts Curling Cup

THE annual cup competition between curlers of the Company's various departments at Winnipeg resulted in a decisive victory for the wholesale, who were successful in lifting the cup from the retail store. Total rocks scored for the round determined the result.

Four selected rinks from each department were entered in the competition. Tom Ross, skipping a wholesale rink, had the distinction of running up the largest scores against opposing rinks, his total rocks for two games being 34 to 12 for opponents.

Department	*Wholesale*	*Retail*	*Land*
Wholesale	x	37	38
Retail	55	x	22
Land	52	52	x
TOTAL	107	89	60

WHOLESALE-DEPOT NOTES

The sincere sympathy of the entire staff is extended to Miss Yarmarko in her recent sad bereavement in the loss of her father, who died after a very brief illness.

V. M. McDonald, accountant of the H.B.C. candy factory, recently resigned. Mac, who leaves to take up another position in the city, was the recipient of a handsome reading lamp and silver cake tray as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow workers at the factory.

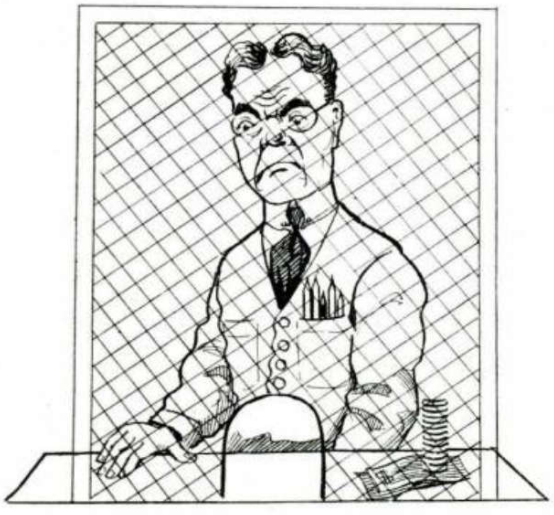
Our cribbage fiends are still keeping up their relentless struggle. Recently, in the excitement of scoring "19," Jim broke his last clay pipe.

Brownie, now that coon coats are going or have gone into discard, is now anxiously enquiring as to the colors that go to make up the tartan of the clan Stewart.

The following from *The Veteran* being too good to keep, we pass it on: While a travelling menagerie was passing through Scotland, the baboon died. The manager of the show was in a hurry, so didn't bother to bury the brute, but flung it out on the road. Two Highlanders found the body and puzzled over it hard. "She's no a Mackintosh," said the first, "for they hae na got reid hair." "An' she's no a MacPhairson neither, nor a Campbell whateffer, I will be thinking," said the other, "for they're kind o' lang in the limb." "I wonder wha' she'll be at all, at all?" questioned the first again. "But I'll tell ye. We'll tak' a run up to the big hoose and see if they've missed any o' the English veesitors."

The standings of the wholesale curling league are as follows:

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*
Poitras	13	9	4
Brock	13	9	4
McMicken	13	8	5
Nairn	13	7	6
Ross	13	7	6
Thompson	13	6	7
Phelan	13	4	9
Veysey	13	2	11



Wholesale Cashier on a Tuesday Morning. Look at the Smile!

A Spur to Memory

By LUCAS G. THOMPSON

REMINISCENCE and retrospect are useful moods while the year is young: useful in the sense that guidance and courage must come from the annals of the past. Success has been achieved —let us emulate it. Mistakes have been made—let us avoid them.

The Beaver would appear to be a most appropriate journal in which to "broadcast" along constructive lines reminiscences of past achievements of the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. These are of interest both to those who have gone before and to those of us who follow. Memory, however, frequently requires a spur to speed back visions of the past, of hopes fulfilled or lost, of proud achievement, of effort wasted. It is with the desire to stimulate the publication of such reminiscences that a list of inspectors of the land department is printed below. To this list is added one year in which these gentlemen served the Company—not necessarily the first or the last, but one year in which they signed an official land report. The list makes no pretense to completeness, or even to accuracy. It is merely a guide, a spur.

Many of these men lived hard and arduous lives. Pioneering involves hardship, deprivation, toil, even hunger, sickness and death. These men were the fore-runners of the pioneers. Wagon, canoe and pack-train must be employed that the Company should have accurate knowledge of the lands it intended to sell to the immigrant. Mosquitoes, bogs, muskegs, fire-swept forest—all added to the difficulties. Even the dry, matter-of-fact, official reports contain inklings of the hardships in occasional phrases, such as "Damn the flies." Those of us who have been explorers can sympathize with such a sentiment.

Yet it was not all hardship and worry. Bright moonlight nights, invigorating days, the colors and scent of flowers, those silences when God seems very near—these are the times when such men dream dreams and see visions. Some of these dreams have been fulfilled. The farmstead has replaced the bald prairie. Roads have been built. The automobile has ousted the buckboard. Civilization has conquered a fringe of the barren places. Many of the visions are yet to take substantial form.

Many men have passed through the land department of the Hudson's Bay Company to positions in the community of honour, power and wealth. Their experiences should form a guide to emulation.

The author and *The Beaver* will be well repaid if this article will lead to the contribution of reminiscences of or by these men, paragraphs as to their personality, character and their achievements for the Company.

List of Hudson's Bay Company inspectors, etc., and one of the years in which inspections were made.

DIRECTING INSPECTION

J. L. Brydges	1873
J. S. Dennis, Jr, D.L.S.	1881
H. Montague Aldous, D.T.S.	1893

INSPECTORS

William Wagner, D.L.S.	1879
Herbert Beck	1880
John St.L. McGinn	1880
H. H. Smith	1880
W. A. Thompson	1881
Robt. T. Walmsley	1881
M. H. White	1882
Chas. H. Howlond	1883
W. Bedford Jones	1883
A. W. Kippen	1883
A. J. McNeil	1883
Wm. Thos. Jones	1884
W. T. Riley	1884
J. Smith	1884
L. S. Vaughan, D.L.S.	1886
E. J. Bennett	1892
B. G. Hamilton	1895
Thos. MacNutt	1899
J. A. O'Neil Hayes	1900
J. F. Choate	1901
G. L. Adams	1908
G. A. Bayne	1908
Geo. W. Pearson	1908
F. W. Rivers	1908
H. A. Bayne	1910
H. C. Burrell	1910
Geo. Hood	1910
Geo. Allan	1911
H.F.C.	1911
G. H. Clarke	1911
Percy Hopper	1911
Ernest F. Sim	1913
Thos. H. Nicholls	192C
J. Lusted	1922
Jas. B. Morrison	1921
J. McDill	1922

System

By A. H. ROBINSON

HOW many of us understand the true meaning of the word system as applied to the conditions under which we work? How all the component parts of our business are systematized so that they will work together in harmony and unison? System in his business is one of the chief aims of every business man.

A definite system is necessary to the conduct of every business.

A customer, not aware of the reason for the procedure in the case, may complain at having to leave goods at the "adjustment bureau" in order to have them credited to her account. She perhaps does not realize that if the salesperson were to leave his department to convey her goods to the "bureau" much valuable time would be lost and business at that particular section would remain at a standstill until the clerk's return.

Thus, if a clerk disregards the procedure in this case and obligingly takes the customer's goods for her, he is acting contrary to the best interests of the store and its patrons, as he is disrupting the service on which the store justly prides itself.

A person's ability to hold an executive position is often judged by the number of times that he or she has to re-learn the store's system. Make it a point to become better versed in the store's system each day. Your familiarity with the same will reflect credit on you and the store.

RULING THE WAVES

The following conversation is said to have taken place at the surrender of the German fleet to the British fleet.

German sailor to British tar—"Me no give a dam for your grand fleet. Me no give a dam for your Admiral Beatty." Spits over side.

British tar hitches up trousers, shifts chaw of tobacco over to other jaw. "It don't worry me none, mate, if you doesn't give a dam for our grand fleet; and it don't worry me none if you doesn't give a dam for our Hadmiral Beatty. But you wants to be blooming careful whose blinking ocean you're spittin' hinto."—*A. Seymour.*

VICTORIA

Miss Dorothy Savage

THE sad death of Miss Dorothy M. Savage, which resulted from the lamentable accident of March 12th, was keenly felt by every member of the Victoria staff.

Miss Savage, who was employed in the art needlework section, was a general favorite among her immediate colleagues and universally popular throughout the store. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. O. Savage, and was born in Victoria eighteen years ago, where she had resided all her life.

An impressive funeral service was conducted at St. John's church on Wednesday, March 14th, attended by a large number of sympathizing friends and relatives, including practically the whole of the Victoria store staff, the remains afterwards being laid to rest in the family plot at Ross Bay cemetery.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Savage in their sad bereavement.

Victoria Employees' Association Club

I was pleased to learn through *The Beaver* that the H.B.C. Victoria employees' association had succeeded in leasing the Craigflower building and part of the Craigflower farm for club and recreation purposes.

There is not on Vancouver Island, or any other spot in British Columbia, a place more suited for this purpose, and the association is to be congratulated.

This brings to my mind a report made on the south end of Vancouver Island by J. D. Pemberton in 1851. Mr. Pemberton was then the Hudson's Bay Company's surveyor.

His report is interesting at this time because I notice there is some agitation in Victoria for the extension of its boundaries, and there is no doubt that fixing the boundaries of Victoria from the head of Portage Inlet to Mount Douglas was in Mr. Pemberton's mind at that time.

The report says that "Land available for cultivation bounded by line from head of Portage Inlet to Mount Douglas was:

Arable	6290 acres
Forest	6273 acres
Rock	2273 acres
Swamp and Lake	1064 acres
	15900 acres

Out of this there was allotted the following:

Beacon Hill Park and James Douglas	412 acres
John Todd	110 acres
R. Finlayson	105 acres
W. F. Tolmie	200 acres
Chas. Dodd	200 acres
H. N. Pearce	200 acres
	1227 acres

I have always contended that the Hudson's Bay Company should have been given credit for Beacon Hill park, and it seems to me that Mr. Pemberton's report bears this out.

That part of Craigflower farm now leased by the H.B.C. Victoria employees' association would make an ideal park, and should be secured by the city of Victoria for that purpose at a later date, unless Esquimalt or Saanich municipalities get in ahead of them. In time it will become too valuable to be carried by the association, and they should not overlook that fact.—*C. H. French.*

PROGRESSIVE IRELAND

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they tore down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they tore down an ould castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."

CARELESS

Fred—How did Bill get that black eye?

Ted—He was in a railway accident.

Fred—Tell me about it.

Ted—It was in a tunnel, and Bill kissed the wrong girl.

CALGARY

1923 Style Exposition

THE big event of the spring season in Calgary has come and gone. As usual Mrs. Clarke, buyer of ready-to-wear, and her girls have given a show which has attracted great attention and interest among the people of Calgary and surrounding towns.

Due to the number of people who were unable to see the show last season, it was decided to have an extra night at the Capitol theatre this spring. At every performance the theatre was filled, and the two afternoon parades given in our *Elizabethan* room were much more fully attended than for several years past.

A feature of the display this year was the number of beautiful importations from Europe which had been secured by Mrs. Clarke, in company with Miss E. Thornhill, European representative of the Company, during their last winter trip.

As is Mrs. Clarke's custom, the models were selected from girls of our own staff with one or two exceptions, and that they made a favorable impression is shown by the comments

which have been noted upon their performances. The Capitol theatre management, appreciating the value of the exposition, went to considerable lengths this year in securing stage settings, and, together with really remarkable lighting effects, the new costumes were displayed to great advantage.

The New Delicatessen

A new department was opened on the third floor March 3rd. Mr. Stephens placed on sale a complete line of high-class table delicacies. The usual items for a delicatessen shop are attractively displayed in the space formerly occupied by the fruit and vegetable sections. The installation of this new department necessitated a rearrangement of the other departments, which shows the floor more attractively and at the same time facilitates the service to customers. It is expected that the new delicatessen will be of great attraction.

The sympathy of the Calgary staff goes out to the family of Mrs. Millar, who passed away March 6th after a short illness. She contracted pneumonia following influenza. She is missed especially for her kind attentions to the women members of the staff, numbers of whom take their luncheons in the fourth floor rest room. Mrs. Millar was always on hand to supply tea and coffee to the girls, and was very pleasant and well liked in her duties.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mrs. Berry, one of the well-known women attendants at the store, is slowly recovering from a serious illness of several weeks.

On March 14th, Peter Perrotti, of the delivery service, took as his bride Miss B. Patriquin. They were the recipients of a dinner set presented by his fellow workers and the good wishes of all the staff.

Mr. Campbell, for several years floorman on the main floor, has left the service and moved his family east. Mr. Campbell had been so long at his duties here as to seem almost a fixture and is much missed by the staff on the main as well as other floors.

A rumor went around the store a few days ago that twins had arrived at the home of Mr. Hughes, our new superintendent. Much excitement prevailed until investigation disclosed the fact that the twins had merely arrived from Winnipeg. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and the twins much happiness in their new home.

CURLING

HERE are the curling champions of the H.B.E.W.A. curling league, season 1923. And braw Scotsmen they look too! Reading from left to right: *Messrs. Deland, Dexter, Gibson and Neal (skip).*

This rink won out finally, beating Mr. Edmison's rink by a score of 12 to 9. The seventh and final games of the league series were played Wednesday afternoon, March 7th. Mr. Edmison's rink took first place in the first division with seven straight wins. Mr. Sparling's rink was second with five wins and two losses. Mr. Neil's rink headed the second division with six wins and one loss. Mr. Mason's rink was second with five wins and two losses.

The two leading teams of the second division proved stronger than leading teams of the first division in the play-off. Mr. Neal won the championship; Mr. Edmison second; Mr. Mason third; Mr. Sparling fourth.

H.B.C. merchandise bonds were kindly given by the welfare association as prizes to the four leading teams.

The enthusiasm shown at the games this year has been "great," and prospects for next year are reported to be good, as there are continually greater numbers of the association members becoming interested in this "grand old game."

Staff Orchestra

The orchestra, organized by the welfare association, has progressed to the stage where regular weekly concerts are given to the Calgary staff, usually on Monday morning from 8.30 to 9

o'clock. At present the orchestra has a list of seventeen members and numbers are coming in all the time.

The welfare association has arranged to incorporate the orchestra under its regular scheme of activities. Some time ago it appointed O. J. Hughes as leader, and also a board of three members for business management of the organization.

Mr. Hughes is a member of the city shipping room staff, and is a musician with years of experience, both on this side of the water and in the old country.

He is enthusiastic about this work, and his enthusiasm and energy in pushing it are appreciated by all the Calgary staff.

Welfare Association Notes

There have been many cases of illness this winter in the Calgary store, several operations being necessary. We are pleased to announce that Miss H. Thompson, of the country order department, Mrs. Flemming of the jewelry department, and Miss Taylor of the shoe department are all progressing favorably after operations, and we hope that they will be seen at their usual duties again by the time this issue of *The Beaver* is distributed.

VERNON B.C.

BUY AT HOME CAMPAIGN

The retail merchants of Vernon have been conducting a vigorous buy-at-home campaign for the purpose of educating the public on the many vital local issues involved in this subject and the serious bearing it has on local taxation, pay-roll, cost of goods, local charities and sports, personal credit and city growth.

Mr. Barnett has been active in a supervising capacity; Mr. Watson has been lecturing to the schools, and Mr. Lanceley has been busy on the advertising committee.

Special articles have been written, essay competitions held, and in a business-like way the whole question has been put plainly before the people.

It is confidently expected that good results will follow, as the campaign has been handled on fair and clean lines and in a purely educative way, without direct reference to the mail order houses.

With the spring sunshine, for which the Okanagan valley is world famous (you may notice the sunshine on our apples), and over eighty per cent. of the growers signing up under the new co-operative selling association, we are beginning to feel hopeful of better business. As Coue might say, "Day by day, in every way, we are getting optimisticker and optimisticker."

Tins, cans and old shoes have acquired a habit of attaching themselves to the rear-end of Charlie Holland's gas-wagon. Charlie is our city delivery man, and he just blushes when anyone mentions the approach of the "leafy month of June."

EDMONTON

Social Notes

Miss Mae Doherty and Messrs. Roberts and Lockey, department managers of hosiery, silks, and dress goods and staples, respectively, have returned from extensive buying trips, visiting all the leading eastern markets. They report business conditions only fair but with a gradual tendency for brisk trade in the spring.

J. Moir, floor manager, was confined to his home through sickness for two weeks.

Miss Gladys Prideaux has been granted six weeks' leave of absence for her health. She will spend this vacation at Vancouver with her mother.

The staff has been sadly depleted the last few weeks, owing to another epidemic of the flu.

T. Crockett, in charge of the traffic department, has resigned after eight years' service with the Company. His place has been filled by Mr. Hewitt.

Mr. Pallett, department manager of the fancy goods sections, has also resigned to take up a similar position in Ottawa.

We were all shocked to hear of the death of F. F. Harker, late general manager of this store. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his family, who are residing in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Spalling, general manager of the Calgary store, was a recent visitor to Edmonton on business matters.

Mrs. W. MacDermid, new department manager of the whitewear and infants' sections, is visiting eastern markets buying for the summer trade.

Mr. Hanna, of the hardware department, is once again in his accustomed place after being away for six weeks with pneumonia.

Mr. Taylor, department manager of the groceteria, who is in the hospital, we are pleased to say is progressing favorably and will soon be able to be around again. In the meantime Miss Gould is taking his place very efficiently.

Miss Lily Hollowell and Miss E. Shannon are two newcomers to the store whom we are pleased to welcome to our large family. They have both filled vacancies in the stationery department.

Hockey

H.B.C. Retail vs. Wholesale

On Wednesday, March 14th, an exciting combat was staged between these two H.B.C. teams, and some first-class hockey was witnessed. The game ended in a win for the retail, 5 goals to 4.

For the winners, (Red) Wright showed some wonderful stick handling on the forward line, keeping the opposing defense line guessing time and again. Wilson, Bowen, Love and Stephens also put up a good brand of hockey, and show the making of a first-class team for the mercantile league next season.

The team was composed of the following employees of the retail store: goal, Wilson; defense, J. Wright and Williams; forwards, (Red) Wright, Baker, Stephens (capt.), Bowen and Love.

We have heard of Fords being used for many novel purposes, and their usefulness in the mercantile world cannot be over-estimated, but it is the first time we have heard of a "Ford" being used to take people around a fur department. Naturally, it is his duty to take people around—walking, if not riding. Next, please!

OF COURSE NOT

"Can't you wait on me?" asked the impatient customer. "Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry, madam," said the butcher, "but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order?"

SHREWD SCOT

A Scotsman had been courting a certain girl for several years. One evening, after a silence lasting almost an hour the girl said to him shyly: "A penny for yer thocts, Jock."

"Well," replied Jock, becoming bold, "I was just thinking, Maggie, hoo fine it wud be if ye were to give me a bit kissie."

She complied, and again there was a long silence, until Maggie ventured to remark: "And what are ye thinking about noo, Jock? Anither?"

"Na, na, lassie," came the reply; "I was just thinking that it was aboot time ye were payin' me that penny for me thochts."

The new fad of wearing flapping and sloppy-looking fur-trimmed overshoes does not find favor with everyone. However, it has one strong male exponent in W. E. Johnson (because he bought them). On the other hand they have an equally strong exponent, who would like to see them consigned to the ash can, in Jack Prest, the ad. man, for he says, "Frisky feminines flaunting flapping, fur-trimmed footwear is flamboyant flapdoodle."

Social and Dance

AN enjoyable evening was spent by the employees and their friends at a social and dance held on Wednesday, March 14th, in the *Hudsonia*. As an added attraction the models who paraded at the fashion show in the afternoon again displayed a number of exclusive garments on a raised runway. This feature was greatly enjoyed by the employees, who had not had the opportunity of seeing them in action before. Miss Lola Hepburn and Etheleen McEwan both made decided hits and have all the "hall marks" of professionals in modelling. During the interval a delightful little supper was served, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, Chef Hounsell again covering himself with glory. Our most hearty thanks are extended to Mr. Munro for making possible this very enjoyable and unique event such a success.

Fashion Parade

THE parade took place om Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12th, 13th and 14th, in the *Hudsonia*. This was a new departure, as all the other openings were held on a specially erected stage on the second floor.

The first day's showing was private, and only those holding invitations were admitted. The success of this new venture was even beyond expectations, as almost every invitation was turned in. The two remaining days were open to the general public.

The eight charming models paraded on a long raised runway and made a very creditable showing indeed, especially as three of them had never modelled before.

The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion and brought forth much favorable comment. Those act-

ing as models were: *Lola Hepburn, Etheleen McEwan, Doris Macleod, Vinnie Cox, Georgina Blois, Gladys Wright, Katie Stevens and Mrs. Wynn.* Attendants, *Lily Hollowell* and *May Megahy.*

LETHBRIDGE

Miss Peterson and Miss Holtman have recently taken to wearing diamonds. Since this note came to hand, it is reported that one gentleman has gone to reside at Medicine Hat and the other over the line. (Too sad.)

It is understood (by those who know) that Miss Pelkey is aspiring to the aristocracy. His name is (Duke) Wellington. Even fashion show parading is part of the education. Well, "the end justifies the means."

P. K. Sangster was a headliner at the C.P.R. minstrel show as a southern colored gentleman. Some refused to accept the disguise idea entirely.

GOLF *VS.* ANTIPON

Miss G. Thomas will deliver a lecture on the above subject at a date not yet arranged for. See small bills. The following golf experts will also speak on the subject:

Mr. J. E. Thompson,
Mr. S. E. Upton,
Miss M. Wilson.

A delightful event consisting of a toffee pull for the big kids and skating for the others was held at the boat-house March 14th. Almost all attended the toffee pull. The ink all came off Mr. Coffey's fingers and Mr. Leason never had such clean hands either. Brooms were forgotten, but Miss Sellens, Miss Weir and Miss A. Alexander managed to sweep the ice in a very efficient manner. In fact, the ice got quite keen.

Mr. Cape has taken over the position of goal-keeper for future hockey matches, as being more spectacular than Mr. Upton.

A theatre party and dance was another success due to the efforts of the H.B.A.A. Members all met at 7 p.m. and, entering the theatre in a body, took possession of seats which had been reserved in a block for the party. On leaving the theatre, the party travelled to Harper's hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the evening's festivities. Hard times dress was worn, a number being of a comic nature. Cowboys' costumes in great variety were numerous. Altogether a real good time was voted by the bunch who participated.

KAMLOOPS

Newsettes

Miss Margaret Muir, of the groceteria, and Miss Jean Dougan, from the dry goods department, spent an enjoyable time at the Revelstoke ski-jump. The Hudson's Bay point blanket coats they wore attracted much attention.

Howard Macnab, who has kept the books here for the last three years, has been promoted to the position of accountant. Mrs. Ritchie Thompson, of this city, has taken Mr. Macnab's place as bookkeeper.

Miss Evelyn Barr and Miss G. Sanderson, who are members of our H.B.C. welfare association, are veritable Florence Nightingales. They are always ready and willing to help any of the members of the staff who are in need.

The last meeting of the H.B.C. St. John's ambulance class was held on Tuesday evening, February 20th. This was the last of a series of very interesting lectures. We are all working very hard with our studies and are hoping to pass the examinations which take place shortly.

We congratulate Mr. Milne, dry goods department manager, upon the arrival of a son.

H.B.C. Spring Opening

THERE was a steady stream of women pouring through the portals of the masonic temple ballroom on the afternoon of March 1st, the day set aside for our spring opening.

The walls of the hall were draped artistically with flags and bunting, while palms, interspersed with great vases of flowers, gave a springlike atmosphere to the room. A graphonola on a raised platform played softly throughout the afternoon. Seats were placed around the platform and in a double row around the walls, and yet it was impossible to accommodate all the ladies who sought admission. For this reason the mannequins were on view the following afternoon from three to five. H.B.C. tea was served by a number of girls whose costumes personified the very spirit of spring.

The mannequins carried out their parts to perfection. It was said that they were fully the equal of those seen at Wanamaker's. "Ohs" and "ahs"

were heard on every hand as one style after another was exhibited.

The models were all members of the H.B.C. staff, as follows: *Miss Annie Sargent, Miss Margaret Muir, Miss May McCormick, Miss Mary Sargent, Miss Phyllis Andrews, and Miss Constance Strevens.*

Afternoon tea lasses were: *Miss Helen Whitelegg, Miss Carruthers, Miss Jean Dougan.*

VANCOUVER

Dramatic Society

The H.B.C. dramatic society is the latest offspring of the H.B.E.A., and their first appearance in public will be made on the evening of Wednesday, March 21st, this performance being given in aid of the Y.W.C.A. funds. It is hoped that in the next issue of *The Beaver* we shall be able to report that this concert "went over" in fine style.

G. R. Hearn, manager of the sporting goods department, was unanimously elected secretary of the B.C.A.A.U. for 1923.

H.B.E.A. Dance

A new record was established by the attendance at the association dance held at the Alexandra dancing academy on the evening of Tuesday, March 6th, when approximately five hundred members and friends danced to the strains of a six-piece orchestra. Dancing commenced at 9 o'clock and continued until midnight, refreshments being served during the intervals. It is very gratifying for the social committee to be able to report that the admission fee charged non-members cleared the total expense connected with this event, and more so because of the fact that association members numbering about 300 were admitted without charge.

The Alexandra academy has been booked for another dance for Tuesday, April 24th, and the committee are hoping if possible to beat the new record established.

The committee in charge included the following ladies and gentlemen: *Misses E. S. Morley, G. Macfarlane, L. Andrew, B. Blake, H. Turner, R. Bryant; Messrs. D. Dale, E. Anderson and P. Timmins.*

H. T. Lockyer, general manager, was made a director of the Vancouver automobile club last month.

Lectures to Grocery Staff

Which is right? "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," or "The lack of knowledge is a dangerous thing." That's a question which each one of us can answer best for ourselves, but Mr. Poole, grocery buyer, believes that if a salesman or saleswoman wants to sell intelligently he must know what he or she has to sell. Hence, just before a demonstration of Del Monte fruit held in the grocery section last month he asked N. P. Greer, the Del Monte representative, to meet his staff and give them the points necessary to intelligent selling. This was done on Monday evening, February 26th. Thirty-five of the staff were present, together with C. H. Gross, manager for the distributing brokers and N. P. Greer, the B. C. representative of the Del Monte products, who delivered an instructive talk.

Bride-Elect Complimented

Miss Joan Edwards, Eighth avenue west, was hostess last month at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Beryl B. Alexander, of the country order department, who is leaving shortly for Nanaimo, where her marriage will take place.

A very interesting evening was spent with different contests, after which dainty refreshments were served.

The table presided over by Mrs. Edwards was beautifully decorated with streamers of pale mauve and white from the centre light to table edge, a silver basket of daffodils and pussy willows finishing the centre.

The bride-elect was the recipient of a large number of dainty and useful gifts, which were presented to her in a daintily decorated wagon drawn in by little Miss Irada Worth.

Among those present were *Miss B. Alexander, Miss S. McLean, Miss R. Bryant, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Edwards, Miss P. Peebles, Miss M. Armishaw, Miss S. Robinson, Mrs. Wm. Kerr, Miss P. Edwards, Mrs. A. Davidson, Miss N. Ashley, Miss I. Worth, Miss J. Loggie, Miss N. White, Miss H. Deans, Miss M. Moran and Miss I. Fraser.*

Mr. Lockyer has again been elected president of the Burrard cricket team. This will make his third year as president of this popular club which came second in the B.C. league. Mr. Lockyer has always shown a keen interest in cricket, and his association with this pioneer club of B.C. is a great help in the retaining of the club's popularity.

Much Ado About Nothing

AFTER the formation of the N.W.M.P. on November 3rd, 1873, the men under the instruction of Sergeant-Major (afterwards Major-General) Steele were given riding and foot drill during the winter at Lower Fort Garry (the stone fort). The force was divided into three troops called A, B and C. There was very little police duty done during the winter in Manitoba. The force was to consist of three hundred officers and men; one hundred and fifty were engaged in the fall of 1873, and the remainder were engaged early in 1874. These latter spent the time in Toronto until the opening of navigation, and then went via Chicago to Manitoba, where they arrived in June.

All the territory outside of Manitoba was under a governing body called "The North-West Council." Among the ordinances passed by the council was one forbidding the sale or importation of intoxicating liquor into the territories. It was the duty of the N.W.M.P. to enforce these orders-in-council. During the last week in April, one of the sergeants from Lower Fort Garry, who was on leave at Winnipeg, got orders from the lieutenant-governor to the officer commanding the N.W.M.P. directing him to send a detachment to search the wagon train of one Johnson, who was a trader in the Saskatchewan country. In consequence Inspector Crozier with 25 men went after Trader Johnson, who was overtaken a few miles west of Portage la Prairie. As Johnson was still in the province of Manitoba the police had no jurisdiction, and Mr. Johnson seemed in no hurry to get into the territory, but as soon as he did, the inspector made the search, with no result, as no whisky was found.

This is the man who went by the name of "Liver Eater Johnson" because it was stated that he killed an Indian and ate his liver.—*C. M. Lindsay.*

Smoke

IMPERIAL MIXTURE

CANADA'S FAMOUS TOBACCO

FAREWELL ODE TO MAC.

Our little friend named Mac,
Resigned the other day.
He wished to be a farmer,
That's why he went away

To join the B.C. Fruitlands
On the north side of the stream;
And with him goes good wishes,
And also our esteem.

SASKATOON

Shower for Mrs. Hall

THE *Imperial* restaurant was the scene of great activity on the evening of February 19th. All the female members of the staff turned out to "shower" Frances Leachman (Mrs. M. Hall) with best wishes. Many mysterious looking parcels were secreted away upon the arrival of each member. Frances was the recipient of numerous beautiful and useful presents, the most prominent being a lovely cut glass water set from the male members of the staff.

Upon opening some of the presents, many original and novel verses were found which caused merriment.

Lunch was served in the banquet room. Games were played during the evening. An incident that caused much amusement was the fact that "Scottie" managed to consume an "awful lot" of ice cream, apparently with no after-effects, because she certainly played the part of gypsy fortune teller to perfection. The only thing that was rather curious was that being a Scotchman she did not, as is customary with fortune tellers, charge a fee. A few outside guests were present: Mrs. Leachman, mother of the bride, Miss Merle Leachman, Mrs. M. Tomczak, Mrs. Handy and Miss A. Hall.

Jack Partridge has left the shoe department and is now on the road. Before leaving, Mr. Partridge was presented with a gold eversharp pencil by the members of the shoe department.

Things We Would Like to Know

Why our worthy superintendent does not write a book on banqueting. He attends enough of them.

Why we do not have another whist drive and dance in the near future. The last was extremely enjoyable.

Which of the mannequins jiggles the most when she is displaying her costumes at the fashion show.

Whether any proposals of marriage will result from the mannequin parade. We certainly think that the models all looked "good enough to eat" when they were rehearsing.

Whether a certain young lady in the mail order department has learned to blow rings. It is reckoned quite an accomplishment.

If the worthy display man thinks Brooklyn bridge is a new kind of card game.

Latest reports from Jim McNichol, who is convalescing in Detroit and Peterboro, state that he is putting on lots of fat and feeling fine. We hope to see him back soon.

Mrs. Pearce, in charge of the ladies' ready-to-wear, has returned from the east, bringing a wonderful selection of all the latest creations of fashion from Paris and New York.

Just ask the alteration girl how to get ready for a fashion show. She will tell you Best.

Miss Bullock has been transferred from the jewelry department to the ladies' ready-to-wear.

We wonder who the young lady is who threw her arms around a young man's neck when asked to leave the ice on the night of the carnival.

We are sorry that the girl who was to represent the Hudson's Bay trader at the carnival could not locate leggings for the occassion. We missed her.

We understand that the assistant buyer in the staples department is a first class osteopath.

We wonder how the telephone operator felt when she tried a fancy skating stunt with her chair a few days ago. We notice that she lost no time in ordering a well padded cushion.

We believe that Joe Rundle is to conduct the next game of bowling. Joe says he is going to knock the pins "cuckoo" and burn up the alleys with his fast ball.

There was a commotion when our millinery buyer returned from the east. A very thoughtful fellow-employee, becoming alarmed at the appearance of her costume, whispered, "You are losing something," and was told, "That is the style everywhere."

Now we know why the millinery is such a success. Just look at the assistance they are getting from the advertising manager. The saying is, "two heads are better than one."

Seal of Quality

"BALMORAL" Brand

WHITE SCOTCH WOOL BLANKETS

UNEXCELLED for warmth, appearance and general serviceability. The BALMORAL is a blanket that all discriminating housewives prefer. Those who take a pride in equipping the bedroom as tastefully as the parlor choose this good blanket for its pure Scotch wool quality, its soft, downy nap and handsome finish.

Made in Scotland from thoroughly scoured wool. Whipped ends, pink or blue borders.

Size	*Wt. per pair*	*Price*
64x80	6 lbs.	$ 8.50
68x86	7 lbs.	9.50
72x90	8 lbs.	10.50

"An H.B.C. Standardized Line"

"BALMORAL"
PURE WOOL BLANKETS
Made in **SCOTLAND**

H.B.C. POST INSPECTOR on the trail in Lake Superior District. The squatted figure is that of P. H. Godsell, now inspector in the Mackenzie River District. Mr. Godsell was post manager at Long Lake, Ontario, when this photograph was taken in 1919.